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MISS ALICE HUGHES

LADY NORAH BROWNE.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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A NEGLECTED ARTICLE OF DIET.

IT is a singular fact that, although we in England produce the finest honey in the world, with the doubtful exception of New Zealand, on the tables of the middle and upper classes this article is only used as an occasional dainty, while marmalade is always set down at breakfast, and some sort of fruit preserve is considered a necessity at tea-time. Yet honey is at once more delicious and more wholesome than either. Nevertheless, the bee has lost its importance in rural economy. We can easily understand that in the past it held a much more conspicuous place. If nothing else would prove it, the legends and traditions that have gathered round this insect would do so. But the decline of the bee can be easily traced historically. It began with the Reformation, and it is a curious fact that Roman Catholicism and the High Church are more favourable to market gardening than Presbyterianism and the Low Church. In fact, we have heard an old and experienced hand recommend those who are going in for *la petite culture* to fix on a district where the parson and his congregation were High Church. The reason is quite simple. Wherever there is a great deal of pomp and ceremony flowers come naturally into use. They are in the first place employed for decorating the church, and whatever be

the merits of this from a doctrinal point of view, it has the unmistakable advantage of giving the congregation frequent object-lessons in the decorative value of flowers, so that they come to use many more in their houses, thereby repaying the labour of the industrious market gardener. Again, the Roman Catholic Church has ever been addicted to the use of candles, and of course until quite recent times the whole of the wax for this purpose was obtained from the beehive. If we remember how common it was, not only to burn candles at the various masses and other rites of the Church, but for the man in peril to vow a gift of candles to a shrine of "Our Lady," it will be seen that the piety of our ancestors was a source of revenue to the apiarian. The Reformation, therefore, was a sad blow to bee-keeping, but a still worse was to follow. Our mediæval forefathers had nothing except honey to use as a sweetener, but the discovery of cane sugar superseded it. From the time that sugar came to be a cheap and easily obtained product, honey ceased to have the value it once possessed.

The bearing of these remarks will not be quite understood unless we keep in mind the precarious nature of the bee-master's calling in old time. He had only the straw skep in which to lodge his little insect workers. All the discoveries of modern science were unknown to him. If foul brood broke out in the district and decimated the hives, he thought no more of seeking a remedy than he would of trying to obviate lightning. It was a plague and the act of God, and with the fatalism of ignorance he submitted to it. The various devices for renewing stock, for feeding a hive in bad times, and for restoring one that was dwindling were unknown. The bees were kept and housed, and if by chance they made a fair amount of honey it was good luck; if they failed to do so it was a piece of ill fortune that occurred so frequently as never to be unexpected. Hence we can well understand the value of wax candles in those old days, when paraffin and composites were still unknown. The fashion of eating honey went completely out, and that is explicable also, for at a comparatively early time the country dames and the cottage gamblers learned to make preserves out of their fruit, which cost infinitely less than the honey, and were good and palatable. In this way honey passed out of the regular English diet, and it has not yet fully returned to it. Yet it has been surely, if slowly, coming back. Science has done more for bee-keeping than for any other pursuit of the small holder. It has invented for it bar-framed hives that are much more economical than the old straw skep. It has enabled the bee-master to produce honey by hundredweights where he used to get it by pounds. It has taught him how to stop swarming altogether, and how to obtain new queens as he needs them. In fact, keeping a stud farm of bees has become a sort of profession by itself, and may be said to be somewhat analogous to the production of fancy poultry.

As far as the buying public is concerned, the most important effect of all these changes is the great reduction in price. Mr. Simmins, in his account of "A Modern Bee Farm," assumes for the purpose of his calculation that the bee-keeper will only get 8d. per pound for his honey, and the price at which it is usually sold in the shops is about 1s. per pound. As the gentleman referred to has made a livelihood out of bees for the last thirty years, and holds that on a modern bee farm, which need not be more than thirty acres in extent, £300 a year profit may be realised, it may be inferred that the reduction of price is not fatal to bee-keeping. At the same time, we hope our readers will not run away with the crude idea that by putting down a few hives on thirty acres of land £300 a year will come rolling in automatically. On the contrary, every inch of this land will have to be utilised, and everything that ingenuity can suggest will have to be done in order to produce subsidiary crops. But then these crops will all conduce to the success of the hives. You can make bee pastures with plants that not only yield honey, but are in themselves saleable at a good price, and on the thirty acres the holder will carry on every kind of small farming that he can get a hand into. Anyone making the experiment has a great many advantages on his side. For one thing, doctors are very much in favour of honey as an article of diet, and certainly it must be much better than any factory-made concoction of fruit. Then the number of bee societies is continually increasing, though there are thousands of them in existence already, and they are rapidly spreading the knowledge of and love of honey. In this way a market is steadily being made, and the greatest advantage of all is that bee-keeping is such a healthy occupation. It is best conducted far from the haunts of man, far even from the busy highway, where the clover grows and the wild thyme and the air is "most pellucid."

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Norah Browne, who is to be married to Mr. More, of Lley Hall, on June 29th. Lady Norah Browne is a daughter of the Marquess of Sligo.



A VERY beautiful pageant was witnessed on the river on Monday, when King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra paid their long-deferred visit to Eton. They travelled from Paddington to Slough by train, and then drove from Slough to Eton along a road lined with spectators. They were received by Dr. Hornby, the Provost of Eton, and the other chiefs of the famous school. After the King's prizes had been distributed and the usual addresses exchanged, the procession of boats on the river commenced in the presence of many thousands of spectators. Perhaps the most picturesque vessel was the Royal barge, 215 years old, manned by a crew in mediæval dress and with a crimson canopy in the stern. As each boat passed the King the crew tossed their oars and cheered, and when all this was done the Royal party in their barge rowed down to Albert Bridge, where the King and Queen disembarked, and drove back to Windsor after a most interesting afternoon on the river of pleasure.

As we write the situation in the Far East is one of tense expectation. Both armies are wonderfully successful in the art of censoring, so that before any important event happens only vague and unreliable rumours are allowed to reach this country. So much is this the case, indeed, that many of the great daily newspapers must be almost repenting of the expense to which they have gone in sending an army of correspondents where they are not allowed to do anything. The event that is anticipated as we write is the fall of Port Arthur. The Japanese are concentrating their forces on this place of strength which they captured from the Chinese in the previous war, while the Russians are evidently preparing a strenuous defence. Judging from what has happened already in the course of the war, only one thing seems likely to happen, and that is the victory of the assailants. It will give them a coveted stronghold, of which we may be sure no one will be allowed to deprive them again, and it will release their forces and enable the whole army to be brought to the task of sweeping the Russians out of Korea and Manchuria.

The Committee of the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board have issued an important report. They recommend that the Board of Trade should be abolished. Very few people know exactly what it is. It was instituted in 1786, and the Board was composed of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the First Lord of the Treasury, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Speaker, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other august personages. Its duties were to attend to "the consideration of all matters relating to trade and foreign plantations." But time has practically changed the whole constitution of the Board, which is now represented solely by the President. The rest of those who nominally belong to it never meet. It still has a great deal to do with trade, but mostly in the way of keeping an army of inspectors outside and a host of statistical clerks inside. The suggestion, then, is that the Board should be abolished and its place taken by a Ministry of Commerce and Industry, at the head of which would be a Minister with a salary of £5,000 a year, assisted by a Parliamentary Secretary with £1,500 a year, and the politician to whom this post is given should in every case be a member of the Cabinet. Undoubtedly what is called the Board of Trade is an unwieldy conglomeration of offices which does not give that service to the country which it might do, and the suggestion made by the committee is in the direction of efficiency and simplicity. They also suggest that the salary of the head of the Local Government Board should be increased, so as to enhance the importance of that office, but do not suggest that he should be in the Cabinet. Altogether the report is a weighty and important one.

The council of the Royal Agricultural Society are making a very vigorous effort to secure success for the show that opens

at Park Royal on Tuesday, and we hope that their energy will be duly rewarded. If it were possible to make the exhibition a fashionable and popular function, such as the Dublin show has been for years, the experiment of keeping it stationary would be bound to result in pronounced success. Obviously the tact and energy displayed during the first two or three years of the new departure must determine the future status of the show. At present no trouble is being spared, and everything points to success, the only doubtful factor in the situation being the weather. If we were to experience a fall of rain similar to that which occurred at last year's exhibition, it would give the show a great set back. The popularity of these functions depends largely on the associations that they engender, and a downpour of rain is never less pleasant than when one is at an exhibition.

THE GARDEN.

I know a garden, sheltered from the north
And east by lichen'd walls and stately trees,
Facing the south in rows are bursting forth
Masses of bright flowers, fertilised by bees.
In it from early morn, with spade and hoe,
A good man trenches, digs, and plants, that things may grow.

I would my mind were like that garden fair—
A fruitful soil touched by the spade of God!
No weeds of prejudice might grow up there,
No tares of ignorance disgrace the sod.
But Wisdom, glad of such a soil and ground,
Would plant her flowers therein—to scatter fragrance round.

C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD.

The voyage of the *Campania*, which ended on Saturday last by the steamer's arrival in New York Harbour, is likely to be a memorable one. Before starting, Signor Marconi had pledged himself to supply a daily newspaper every morning to the passengers by means of wireless communication, and he had been able to perform this wonderful task. During the voyage of over 3,000 miles the receiving instrument installed on the vessel had been in constant touch either with the transmitting station of Poldhu, in Cornwall, with that of Cape Breton, on the Canadian coast, or, finally, that of Cape Cod, near Boston, United States. The daily paper which published these communications was called the *Camard Daily Bulletin*. It measured 8in. by 5in., and was about the size of a parish magazine. The purser of the *Campania*, Mr. Graham, was editor, and Mr. Kershaw, private secretary to Signor Marconi, was sub-editor. Both of them were amateurs at the task, but they succeeded to admiration. The paid circulation was 725 daily, and the cost 2½d. a number. We may take it that every important passenger steamer henceforth will have its daily paper.

The Atlantic rate war is having some effects that might have been predicted beforehand. When it has become possible to go over to the United States for £2, even though that is in the steerage, the impecunious alien has a chance that he never had before. The result is that the ships are carrying the full limit of passengers allowed by the Board of Trade, while the St. Louis officials are having a busy time of it. Close upon 50 per cent. of the total number of the two-pound steerage passengers that arrived by the *Croonland* and *Potsdam* were detained. The time has gone past when the United States welcomed all sorts of loafers who came without money in their pockets to try their fortunes, and nowadays only those emigrants are accepted who have the means of starting to earn their living in a respectable manner. In fact, what we have often thought of doing in this country has been accomplished in America. All the same, it is rather hard on the poor alien, because in most cases he is too ignorant to understand the regulation, and it must be a great disappointment to him to find that after his 40s. has been expended, he is still, like Moses, debarred from entering the promised land. Yet the rate war is by no means a misfortune. The competition between the different lines, by bringing rates down so ridiculously low, is enabling many people to emigrate who would not otherwise have been able to do so.

It is only a short time ago that the passenger service between London and Berlin received a much-needed acceleration over the Hook of Holland route, and it is now announced that a new and still quicker means of accomplishing the journey is to be provided in a few weeks' time. Following upon the establishment of Dover as a port of call for the Hamburg American lines, a service has been arranged by these vessels between Dover and Cuxhaven, from which place special expresses will complete the journey to Berlin, by way of Wittenberg, Lüneburg, and Harburg. For those fortunately constituted travellers to whom a few extra hours' sea-passage is a matter of no great moment, the saving of time over the whole journey is certain to prove a considerable attraction. The new route has also an advantage of

its own over the existing main passenger routes to the German capital, in presenting to the traveller the typical North German scenery in a peculiarly concentrated form, since the Lüneburg Moors are a byword for desolation, even in those peculiarly desolate regions.

Rather a delicate point has been raised by the action of Dr. Saroléa in intervening at the meeting held lately at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the presidency of the Bishop of Hereford, to confer on the alleged maladministration in the Congo. The Congo is under the sovereignty of King Leopold personally, not of the King of the Belgians officially. King Leopold had bequeathed the sovereignty of the Congo to the Belgian nation at his death; but as yet it is not technically a possession of Belgium as a nation, and therefore the status of Dr. Saroléa for intervening in the defence of Belgian administration in the Congo is not quite clear. He is Belgian Consul in Edinburgh. To attempt a defence of that administration is in itself, perhaps, a *tour de force* deserving admiration for its heroism. In the meantime there have been two practical proposals before the Westminster Palace Hotel meeting and before the Government, both having the approval of Sir Harry Johnston, whose approval is probably worth more than that of any other man. The first proposal, immediately practical for us, is that we should establish British Consular Courts in the Congo for the protection of British subjects, and the second, practical only provided the assent of the Powers be obtained for it, that a new conference of the Powers should be summoned to consider the present administration, and if necessary to modify it. Considering the attitude of the Congo State itself, and the tone of Earl Percy's answer to Sir C. Dilke's question in the House of Commons, it seems more than doubtful whether any such interesting conference will take place.

When Lot 85 was hoisted on the stand at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's large rooms on Saturday, the fashionable crowd which had assembled to witness the dispersal of the pictures of the late Duke of Cambridge could not forbear from cheering. Well they might, for this picture is one of the most precious Gainsboroughs in existence. It is the portrait of Maria Walpole, Countess Waldegrave, Duchess of Gloucester. The canvas measures 35in. by 27in., and the portrait is a half-length one. The initial bid was for 5,000 guineas, and the contest for possession of this masterpiece did not end until Mr. Agnew went up to 12,100 guineas, the highest price ever given for a Gainsborough. The incident shows the increasing appreciation there is for this great portrait-painter, whose pictures, in the words of a gifted critic, were "blown on the canvas." In other respects the sale was a very successful one, and must have given considerable satisfaction to the executors of the late Duke of Cambridge.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has a pleasant story to tell. The chairman of the annual meeting, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, said that whereas in former years the society had been obliged to find fault with people for neglecting or destroying ancient buildings, they now came to them for suggestions and advice as to how to maintain them. They were able to place the very best professional advice gratis at the disposal of enquirers. It actually saved them money, for in the case of Fotheringhay Church, for instance, repairs estimated at £7,000 could be done for £2,000. Mr. Holman Hunt drew attention, we are glad to see, to the well-meant mischief done by "resurrectionist Gothic" architects to our old churches, in their idolatry of the "correct period," and drew attention to the need for the preservation of ancient buildings in some of our foreign possessions. We imagine, however, that in Egypt, to which he particularly referred, Lord Cromer keeps a vigilant eye on the monuments. In England, people who hear of projects for destroying tithe barns, old bridges, city walls, and the like, are invited to write to the society.

On July 1st a relief expedition will, according to present arrangements, sail from Tromsø in aid of the American Ziegler Expedition, which started in the America for the polar regions nearly a year ago. In the interval, the only news received of the America is in the form of a single letter, brought by a whaler, saying that she had fallen in with very heavy pack ice. Mr. Champ, with Dr. M. F. Mount and Dr. A. L. Verner, will be in command of the relief expedition, which is to sail in the Norwegian whaler Frithjof. The proposed plan of the America's expedition was to make for the headquarter camp established by the Duke of the Abruzzi, where there is said to be a store of some 80,000lb. of compressed food, and thence to make way by sledges to the North Pole. Mr. Champ, who was in command of a former relief expedition in 1902, expects to be back in September, but if he should be caught in pack ice, expresses no fear for the result, confident in the resources of the

many "cold storage" depôts that are now established in various places in the polar regions.

Owners and lessees of grouse moors will be glad to learn that steps are being taken to investigate thoroughly the origin and cause of grouse disease. An influential committee has been formed by the Board of Agriculture to enquire into its cause and nature, and it is proposed to distribute leaflets in due course with directions as to the general treatment. At the first meeting of the committee, which took place on June 5th, the following members attended: The Marquess of Tullibardine, Lord de Grey, Lord Lovat, The Mackintosh, Lord Henry Scott, Mr. Reginald Rimington Wilson, Mr. James Graham, Dr. D. Drummond, and Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P. These names are familiar to our readers as those of some of the keenest sportsmen in Great Britain, and they are a guarantee that nothing will be left undone to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. The result of their enquiries will be eagerly looked forward to by all who are interested in the preservation of grouse.

A contemporary relates a curious instance of plant poisoning in England. A number of excursionists in Wales picked a quantity of water dropwort in mistake for watercress, and ate it, with the result that many of them were seriously ill. But in 1900 a gang of convicts, working in a ditch near Woolwich, had a far worse experience of the same plant. Seventeen of them ate the supposed watercress, and, according to the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nine were seized with violent convulsions and six died, with every symptom of delirium and tetanus, though they had eaten but a small quantity. Near Sunderland two workmen ate some of the root of another plant, the water hemlock, and died within a short time. It is worth noting, in view of the unusual quantity of laburnum flowers this year, that the seeds contained in laburnum pods are deadly poison. Children who play near the trees should be cautioned against touching the tempting little pods.

THE LITTLE NIGHTJAR.

When the moon is on the wall,
And her shadows hide the door,
When night lies on the orchard like sea upon the shore,
The apple boughs are silver with the silence swimming through,
With the halo of the dew;
Hark! what little shrieking nightjar ever gave so sweet a call
When the moon is on the wall?

When the moon is on the wall
There's a sound among the trees;
O master on the settle with the sheepdog at your knees,
At the little nightjar's voice does he stir to wake and growl?
Does the hooting of the owl
Make him prick his ears and quiver, make his hackles rise and fall
When the moon is on the wall?

When the moon is on the wall,
And the fire has sunk and died,
The maid sits still to listen for the lad that lurks outside—
Good master, dozing o'er your pipe, now fast in slumber's thrall
When the moon is on the wall!

O! but 'tis strange how shadows move that lay so still, so still,
And stranger far how close they draw before the night grows chill,
And the little nightjar shrieks no more from out the elm tree tall,
And the moon has left the wall.

JANE COX.

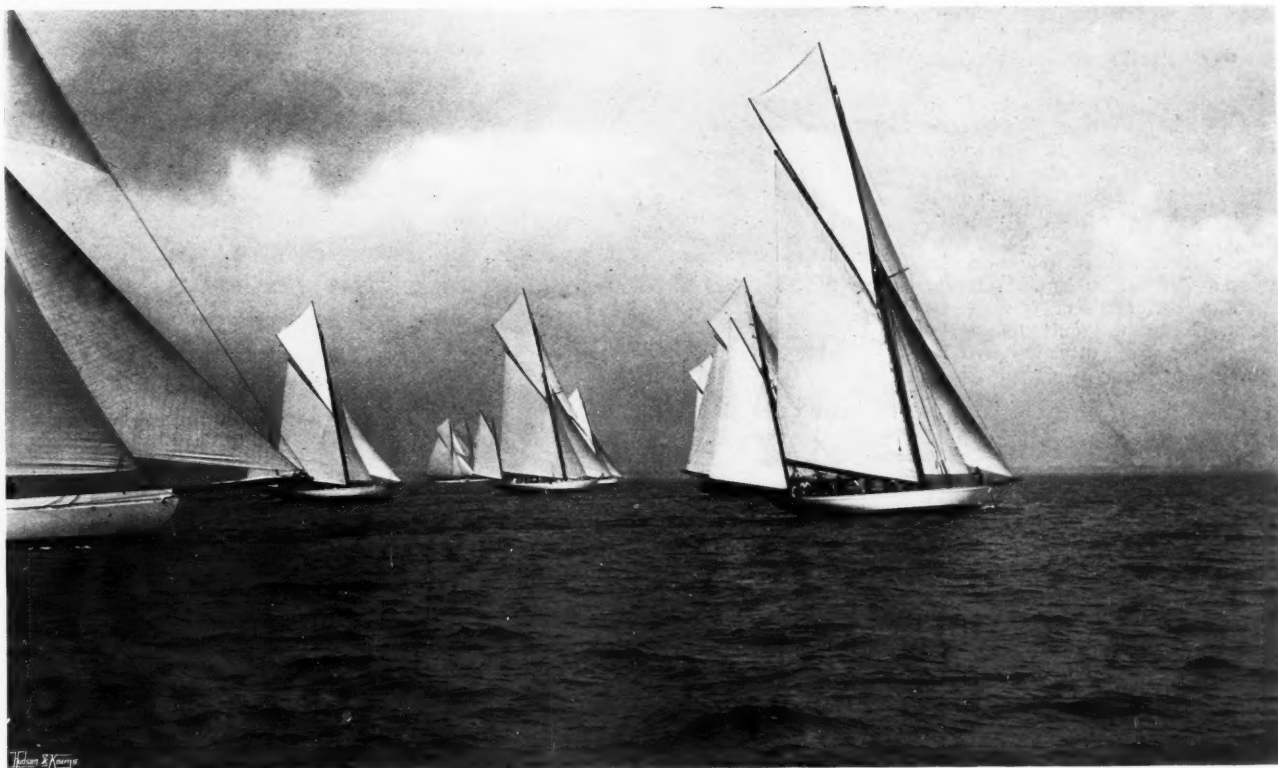
Miss Ethel Colquhoun, whose paper on "Women and the Colonies" is noticed in our Summer Number, has replied to some of the criticisms passed on her suggestions. She says that a great number of applications for advice have reached her from women who are anxious to emigrate. Her chief point is that she does not concern herself with the emigration of domestic servants. Her wish is to urge colonisation on middle-class women "as a means of redressing a grave social and industrial evil." Her opinion is, that in the middle classes is to be found the "superfluous woman." Her description of this woman is as follows: She is brought up to a life of idleness, and "with all her modern education she is a less useful and practical person than her mother." No doubt there is a great deal of truth in what Miss Colquhoun says. The outcry about the women of the middle and upper classes comes from a great many quarters at the present moment, and, according to the old adage, there is never smoke without fire. On the other hand, a practical suggestion as to what women can and may do in the Colonies would be more valuable than this rhetoric.

Prophecy is never more thoroughly unsafe than when applied to nations and their fates. Therefore, although Americans may be delighted with the prognostications of Baron Kaneko, outsiders

will not attach the same importance to them. Baron Kaneko is at present in the United States trying to promote an American-Japanese Economic Alliance, and he says that as soon as the Panama Canal is opened the Americans will become the dominant commercial race of the world, or, in his own words, "the United States is destined to be the great commercial power of the twentieth century with a much wider sphere than England had." Of course, such an idea is plausible enough, but, on the other hand, it is the unexpected that fortune always holds in

store, and no change has ever yet been thoroughly understood in all its bearings before it took place. In the Far East factories and workshops are being built at such an enormous rate, and the Japanese are imitating our goods and copying our methods so accurately, that the trade which seemed at one time possible to extend to any extent with them, is quite likely to be checked, and there are within the United States forces at work that, in any case, might nullify the development which might be expected otherwise.

FROM THE NORE TO DOVER.



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THE START.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

IN many respects the Nore to Dover races of the Royal Thames Yacht Club on Saturday were favoured by fortune. For sailing purposes the day was perfect, a fine breeze

from the north-north-east sending the yachts along merrily, and saving them from that listless drifting that is so tiresome when it occurs. The start was early and the finishes not unpleasantly drawn out, as was the case last year. Thus the meeting was one of the most successful of these annual fixtures. It was a happy idea to start the races at definite times and to send the competitors away in two batches, and for the guests on the club steamer it was an equally pleasant thing to reach the Nore about half-an-hour before the time fixed for the first race, instead of impatiently dawdling down the Thames from London Bridge, the yachts starting as the club steamer arrives. For the five matches twenty-six yachts had entered, and there were only two absentees, Dr. Shaw's *Allegra* and Mr. Lorne C. Currie's *Spindrift*. The run to Dover was a very good one, starting with a beat to the Shivering Sands Buoy, a broad reach to the Tongue Lightship, and then a run and a reach home to finish. The breeze was somewhat too good for two of the vessels, *Fiona* and *Chula*, both of which lost their topmasts. The first race was a handicap for yachts of any rig exceeding 100 tons, Thames measurement. For this a prize cup was offered of the value of 100 guineas, presented by Mr. Theodore Pim, and the second prize was £25. The course was from the Nore to Dover outside the Goodwins, a distance of fifty-four miles. The entries included the new yawl *White Heather*, 147 tons,



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WHITE HEATHER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

belonging to Mr. Myles B. Kennedy, the new cutter *Merrymaid*, belonging to Mr. T. A. Hardcastle, 106 tons. The winner was found in Mr. Max Guillaume's *Clara*, a schooner of 185 tons, and the second was Mr. Douglas Kerr's yawl *Valdora*. *Bona* was scratch, and allowed *White Heather* 9min., *Brynild* 18min., *Merrymaid* 23min. 24sec., *Clara* 25min. 12sec., and *Valdora* 27min. A start was made at eleven o'clock, *Bona* being the first to go about and lay her course for the Shivering Sands Buoy. *Brynild* came next, with *White Heather* after. *Clara* won on time allowance, and *Valdora* was second, but as a question was raised, the committee are withholding the prizes.

The second race was a handicap for yachts of any rig exceeding 50 tons, and not exceeding 100 tons. The entries consisted of *Creole*, Colonel Bagot's cutter of 54 tons; *Rosamund*, a yawl of 63 tons, belonging to Mr. A. K. Stothert; *Moonbeam*, a yawl of 67 tons, belonging to Mr. C. P. Johnson; Mr. Ferguson's cutter *Nicandra*, of 98 tons; Mr. Rait's cutter *Fiona*, of 80 tons; and Mr. Goldsmith's cutter *Tutty*, of 75 tons. The first to cross the line was *Tutty*, followed by *Moonbeam*, *Rosamund*,

Lightship was past *Fiona*, having lost her topmast, gave up, and her owner deserves all sympathy for the bad luck which



Copyright ROSAMUND RACING OVER THE GOODWINS. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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BONA REACHING THE TONGUE.

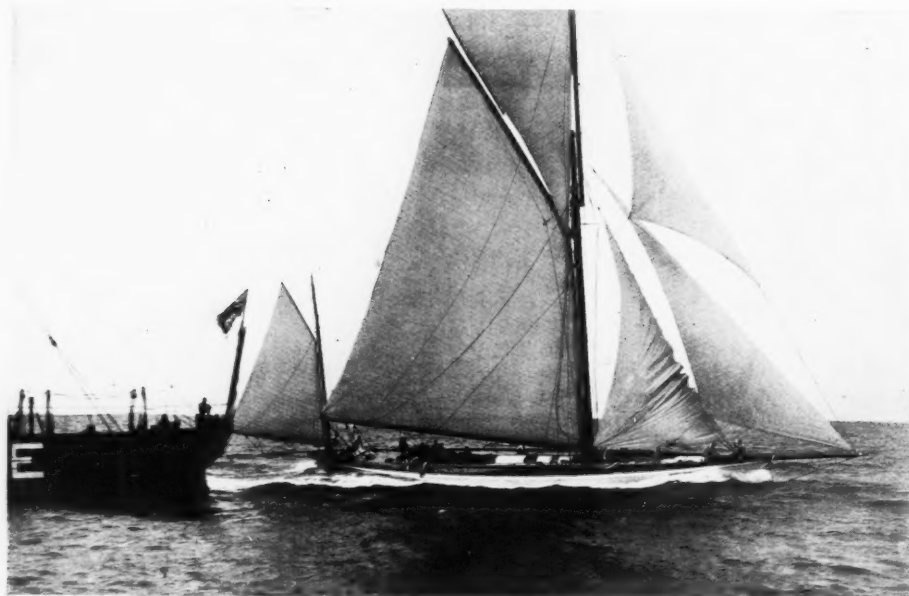
"COUNTRY LIFE."

and *Creole*, while *Nicandra* was last. They made good time down to the Shivering Sands Buoy, but before the *Tongue*

befel the famous old was declared winner.

cutter. Mr. Stothert's *Rosamund* The third race was one for yachts of the 52ft. linear rating class. The course was from the Nore to Dover inside the Goodwins, a distance of forty-eight miles. The entries consisted of Mr. Butler's cutter *Maymon*, Mr. Coats's *Camellia*, Mr. Leuchars' *Moyana*, and Mr. Burton's *Lucida*. *Lucida* kept the lead over a great part of the course, but was eventually overhauled, and the finish was an exciting contest between *Maymon* and *Moyana*, the latter leading till within a few lengths of the mark, when the new cutter, which had the inside berth, drew slightly ahead and rounded 8sec. in front.

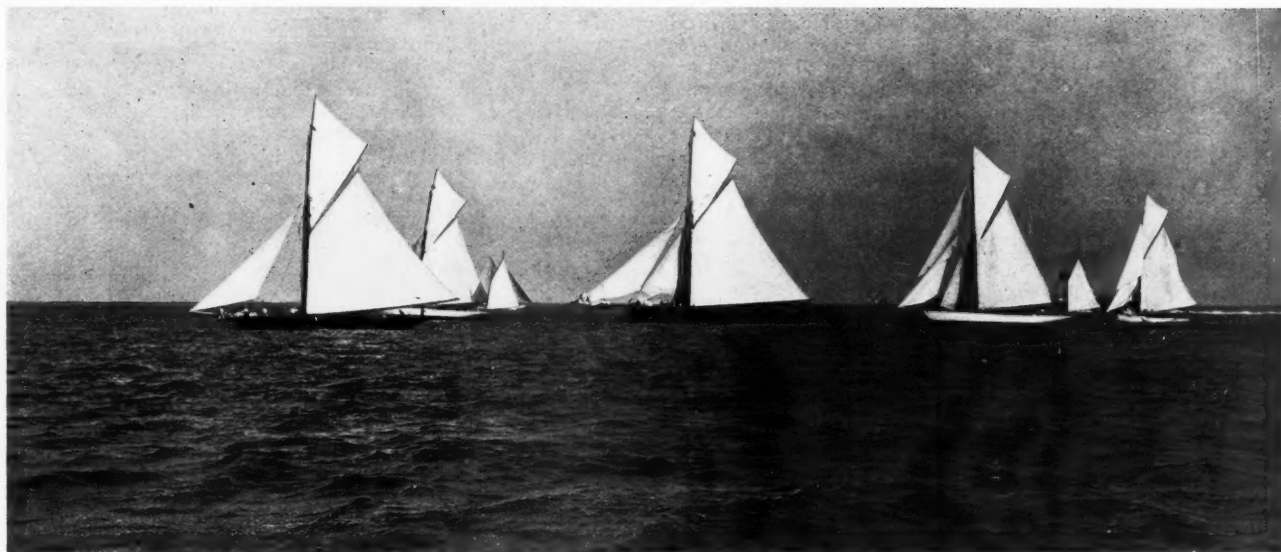
The fourth event was a limited handicap for yachts of any rig exceeding 35 tons, but not over 50 tons. The course was the same as that for the last match, but the yachts were to be steered by members of a recognised yacht club. The entries consisted of *Senga*, a cutter of 35 tons belonging to Mr. George Terrell; Mrs. Turner Farley's yawl *Nebula*, 36 tons; Mr. Noel Kershaw's cutter *Induna*, 35 tons; *Viera*, a cutter of 36 tons belonging to Messrs. F. and C. Last; *Gauntlet*,



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FLYING PAST THE LIGHTSHIP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

FINISHING OFF DOVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a cutter of 37 tons belonging to Messrs. H. Goldie and J. Payne; and Allegra, a yawl of 47 tons belonging to Captain J. E. Shaw. The match was started at ten minutes past eleven. Gauntlet got in front, and maintained the lead throughout, but could not take a prize, the first of which went to Nebula.

The last race was a handicap for yachts of any rig not less than 9 tons, and not exceeding 25 tons Thames measurement, the course being the same as that for the last race. The entries were: Spindrift, a cutter of 12 tons belonging to Mr. Lorne C. Currie; Bingo, a cutter of 23 tons belonging to Mr. E. B. Turner; Chula, a cutter of 18 tons belonging to Mr. John Pearce; and Quadroon, a cutter of 15 tons, the property of Mr. A. K. Barlow. Spindrift was absent, and Quadroon went the wrong side of the mark at the finish, Bingo winning the first prize and Chula the second.

MINNIE THE SKEWBALD.

A FEW days before the horse fair at Clongraney, the Heffernans decided that they could no longer put up with their skewbald mare. It could not be considered by any means a strange decision, since Minnie's extremely unprepossessing appearance was her least serious defect. Her form was ungainly, and her parti-coloured coat an uncouth patchwork of roan, grey, and white, while her mane and tail were a wild shock and wisp, sandy-flaxen

in hue. She had the paces of a cow, and the temper of a weasel; biting like a rat-trap and kicking like a



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BONA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

windmill were conspicuous among her many accomplishments, and her speed never rose above a sluggish jog-trot, except when she was bolting in the wrong direction. The three brothers, Peter, Mick, and Christy Heffernan, her joint owners, knew well enough that they had bought her because her price seemed so moderate; but the reason why they had kept her for more than two years was less obvious to them. Still, it was not in reality far to seek.

Within an ass's roar, as they would probably have described it, of their small, white-washed farmhouse, just a bit down the road, lived their distant cousin, Andrew Lalor, and his family, which included one daughter, Joanna. This Joanna, whom Peter, Mick, and Christy had known from her earliest days, was a pretty girl, and something of an heiress, and they all entertained for her a disinterested regard and admiration. They were, it is true, quite alive to the fact that neither she nor her people would tolerate any one of them as a possible suitor; she might look several degrees higher than such little farmers; but they remained none the less her very humble servants, with the utmost deference to her opinions and wishes. Now, it had pleased Joanna, nobody could imagine why,



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VALDORA AND WHITE HEATHER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"unless for contrariness," to fall in love with ugly skewbald Minnie. She declared from the first that there was not a better horse in the County Mayo, and her conviction persisted unchanged, despite all the unpleasant peculiarities which Minnie developed as time went on. Often when the Heffernans' car jolted by the Lalors' gate, Joanna would be waiting there with a refection of crusts or apples for Minnie, and because Minnie had sense enough to abstain from threatening demonstrations towards the bestower of these dainties, Joanna maintained that "a gentler poor crathur never stepped." One result of all this was that Minnie's driver always had the work of the world in getting her past the gate without a mouthful; and another was that the brothers were half unconsciously loth to contemplate parting with their unchancy possession, at the risk of grieving or offending Joanna.

But at the time I speak of Joanna had been away for two or three months on a visit to her aunt, and during her absence their recollection of her various little fancies had shifted somewhat into the background, as in such circumstances such things are wont to do. Out of sight, out of mind, is a rule with hardly exceptions enough to prove it. Accordingly, on the evening of one day when Minnie had danced a fierce saraband at Joe Maguire's funeral, creating unseemly disorder in the ranks of the solemn procession; had bitten young Paudeen Shee's arm to the amount of half-a-crown's damages; had trampled on two of the Heffernans' own finest chickens, and had cracked the foot-board of the car against Mr. Sullivan's newly-painted railings, Peter, Mick, and Christy all agreed to get rid of her at the first opportunity.

There was less complete unanimity on the question of who should take her to Clongraney Fair, for each of the three preferred the job to the potato-landing which would otherwise be his day's employment. Yet the upshot was scarcely doubtful, Mick, who had long predominated over his senior and his junior, carrying his point on this occasion with his usual ease. He made a timely start on the fair day morning, assuring Peter and Christy as he drove off that they had seen the last of the cross-tempered ould divil, and that he'd do his endeavours to bring them back something with a more respectable kind of appearance, and a less ungovernable disposition. "And a couple of pound cheaper anyway than either of yous 'ud contrive it, yous may depind," he shouted from the yard door, his vaunt being almost drowned by the clatter of Minnie's heavy feet as she jumped and sidled in wrathful defiance over the cobblestones.

Mick had not been long at the fair before he succeeded in selling her for what she would fetch, which was indeed no more than four pounds. The purchase of her successor could not, however, be effected so speedily, and by the time that Mick lit upon what he thought likely to suit him, he had partaken of refreshments at sundry "publics." Perhaps, therefore, his business capacity may not have been quite at its best when he paid down nine pounds and fifteen shillings for a beast which was also skewbald and also a mare. That, at all events, was the impression he gave her former proprietor, one Tom Rourke, to whom he confided the grounds of his satisfaction with the bargain. "You see, me lad," he said, "and sure I don't mind tellin' you, that she's the very sort Joanna Lalor's apt to have a fancy for."

"Bedad, then, it's the quare Joanna, or any other Anna, she'd be, that wouldn't take a fancy to the pair of yous," Tom Rourke responded, with a wink round the bystanders, who all warmly applauded the sentiment, and Mick drove off much elated.

In that happy frame of mind he jogged along the bog road until, near Loughlin Cross, the mare shied violently at a big wayside boulder, and almost upset the car into a gripe. "Bad cess to you," said Mick; "that's just the caper ould Minnie took upon herself to fling here every time she went by, as regular as the sun risin'." At the cross, a little further on, he was slightly surprised to observe that his new acquisition spontaneously turned down the right road.

"Sure, 'twas only a lucky guess she made in her mind," he said to himself; "sorra aught else could it be, for the man tould me she niver set foot widin the parish until this identical mornin'." But his surprise was more than slight, and had a perceptible admixture of dismay, when upon arriving at the door of Kelly's Place, about halfway home, the mare planted her four legs rigidly, put back her ears as far as they would go, and resolutely declined to stir.

"Tis what herself done here, ever and always," Mick commented with consternation, as he alighted and tugged her along by the headstall. "A fine job 'twill be, bedad, if I'm after pickin' up a crathur wid every single one of the same quare fantigues." For by this time he had begun to recover from the bewildering effects of his day spent in treating and being treated, and into his clearing mind a direful surmise had crept.

It was not fully confirmed, however, until he had unharnessed in their own yard, and had with horror-stricken eyes beheld the skewbald mare walk sedately straight into her

familiar shed, aiming a customary kick at Rory, the watch-dog, as she passed his packing-case kennel.

And to darken that desperate moment, here were his brothers tramping in back from their work, and immediately remarking: "Och murdher! himself it is, wid Minnie along. Well now, man alive, so you couldn't contrive to get e'er an offer for her, good or bad, and it's after landin' th' ould baste home agin on us you are?"

"I am that, bedad," Mick replied, with what struck them as an unaccountable depth of dejection. Little did they suspect that he was racking his brains to find some method of concealing from them how he had paid five pounds and fifteen shillings for the privilege of doing so.

His quest was not on the whole successful, and his unconvincing explanations were received with sufficient scepticism to make him feel disagreeably certain that his character for astuteness had suffered very serious damage. "Troth and bedad," concluded his brethren, "we couldn't ha' done it any better ourselves," which was withering indeed.

But Mick had the name of being a rather lucky person, and he was presently compensated by the occurrence of an opportunity for making some capital out of his most unpromising speculation.

It happened that Joanna Lalor returned home unexpectedly on the very day after the fair, though the Heffernans did not see her until the morrow's morning at mass. If they had carried out their intention of parting with Minnie, they would doubtless have met their cousin with guilty embarrassment; as it was, however, they had no sense that the attempt and not the deed could confound them, and they wondered quite innocently why Joanna looked so austere at them in chapel, and why she would hardly speak a civil word to them when they fell in with her and her family on the way home. That she had "got fine and stuck-up in herself away at Kilcrum" seemed, they thought, the most likely reason, and with it Minnie had, of course, nothing to do.

But early on the Monday, when Mick was leaning on the gate of their potato field, and slowly making up his mind to join his brothers, who were busy at the other end of it, along by the dyke came Joanna Lalor, taking a short cut over to the town.

"And so," she said, after a frigid greeting, "you were in a great hurry to be sellin' poor Minnie while me back was turned, the way I'd miss her when I come home."

"And who was tellin' you that story, now?" said Mick.

"Didn't Arthur McEvoy see her along wid a strange man at Clongraney Fair last Friday?" said Joanna.

"It's the wonderful quare things McEvoy sees entirely—the divil's cure to him," said Mick. "Howane'er, I'm after seein' her meself standin' there inside th' ould shed not ten minyits ago."

"Then what at all bewitched him to be tellin' us such a lie?" said Joanna.

"For the matter of that, ne'er a lie it was," said Mick.

"It's foolin' me you are," said Joanna.

"Sorra a bit of me, nor wouldn't," said Mick. "The truth is, machree, that nothin' 'ud suit them two boys"—he pointed towards Peter and Christy—"but to be gettin' her sold at Friday's fair; so what should I do, but I ups and buys her back again. If McEvoy had the sight of his omadhawn's eyes a trifle better, he might tell you he seen me drivin' her home continted under the car that same evenin'."

"Sure, then, I always tould you she was a grand baste," said Joanna, "and it's the great opinion yourself had of her all the while."

"Deed, now, I had not," said Mick; "it's somebody else's opinion I was considherin'—and she lookin' cross at me yisterday, fit to sweep the head off me shoulders—and that's a fact, Joanna, jewel."

Joanna said, "Ah, Mick, don't be talkin'," but said it in a tone which inspired him with sudden hope.

Nor did he hope in vain. Perhaps Joanna's visit to Kilcrum may have brought her some disappointment, toning down her expectations; perhaps her own mind may have been revealed to her by endearing absence. At any rate, be this as it may, from that morning's interview dated the beginning of a courtship which before long ended happily in making her the mistress of ugly, queer-tempered, skewbald Minnie.

JANE BARLOW.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

It is not often that we preface a review with a motto, but we have been much tempted to seek for one while contemplating Mr. Mortimer Menpes' new work, *Whistler as I Knew Him* (Black). The book itself supplies us with a suggestion for one. Here it is: "Sometimes he would enter a gallery and say, 'Ha! Ha! Amazing!' and then sail out." While pondering the application of this to the meditated review, the writer happened to take up "The Legend of Montrose," and fickle chance attracted his eye to the passage in

which the warlike Dugald Dalgetty, after bemoaning the loss of his famous charger Gustavus, sets to work to make something out of his hide. These passages may seem to be incongruous, but in some illogical manner they have got connected, and so we write them down. One of Whistler's favourite exclamations was "Amazing!" and it has a singular appropriateness to the stories Mr. Mortimer Menpes has told about himself. Whistler, even

as to who was the originator of distemper and the colour of lemon yellow, a friend tried to intercede with Whistler, who, we are told, wrote back: "Admiral, beware of those who hoist the black flag. You would not let them board your ship, surely!" The funniest passage in the book is the author's comment upon this. "I might have been offended at that had I been without sense of humour." We should say that Mr. Menpes must



S. L. Coulthurst.

VETERANS OF THE HEDGEROW.

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in the days of their greatest intimacy, found in Menpes a target for his most stinging satire. He called him the "kangaroo of his country, born with a pocket, and putting everything into it." This was in a letter, but when the two met again, Whistler began to roar with laughter as if there were something in this epigram that he enjoyed. After the famous quarrel they had

have heaps of humour, and very good humour, too, since he could write down these things about himself. It was the one tune that Whistler seemed to harp on with regard to him, and the point of all the differences that led to their estrangement.

Reading the book we fail to get any very firm grip of the

personality that in the centre of his school was "the Master," and outside of it Jimmy Whistler. That James had a touch of the mountebank about him will, we think, be admitted by all candid men, however much they may admire his pictures. That he had a wonderful charm and wit is equally undeniable, and there are one or two passages in this work that we like more than passing well, and that suggest how a word picture of very great beauty might have been painted by one who was not quite so keenly interested in his own affairs as Mr. Menpes. It is a description of their painting together on the Chelsea Embankment:

"He would make a little sketch, sometimes in water, sometimes in oil colour. It might be a fish shop with eels for sale at so much a plate, and a few soiled children in the foreground; or perhaps a sweetstuff shop, and the children standing with their faces glued to the pane. There we would stay and paint until luncheon-time, sitting on rush-bottomed chairs borrowed from the nearest shop. Wherever Whistler went he caused interest and excitement: men, women, and children flocked about him—especially children, Chelsea children, shoals of them. If one of them appealed to Whistler from the decorative standpoint, he would say, 'Not bad, Menpes, eh?' This was, perhaps, a very soiled and grubby little person indeed. But Whistler would take her kindly by the hand and ask her where she lived, and the three of us would trot along to ask the mother if she might sit, the child, with its upturned flower-like though dirty face, gazing with perfect confidence at Whistler. And the Master would talk to the gutter-snipe in a charmingly intimate way about his work and aspirations. 'Now we are going to do great things together,' he would say, and the little dirty-faced child, blinking up at him, seemed almost to understand."

We also like, from a very different part of the book, the description of the little man who could speak thus frankly and intimately to the gutter-snipe:

"In appearance Whistler was slight, small-boned, and extremely dainty. He seemed always to have a sparkling air about him. His complexion was very bright and fresh; his eyes were keen and brilliant; and his hair, when I knew him, was, save for one snowy lock, of a glossy raven-black. His dress was quaint, and a little different from that of other men, and his whole appearance, even his deportment, was studied from the artistic standpoint."

We might follow this description with an account of Whistler in the rôle of cook:

"Whistler was in some ways very helpless; but he always cooked our luncheon. A great deal of time would be spent over this work, for the Master was very exact and dainty in everything he undertook. There was the breaking of the eggs into the pan and the careful manipulation of an omelette. I would be despatched for a bottle of white wine, and Whistler himself would drink milk with biscuits soaked in it—he always lived on very slender fare."

What we are in some doubt about is the good taste of Whistler. In drama it does not seem to have been very great. We can quite understand how an artist might scream and laugh and rock himself in an agony of merriment at Wilson Barrett as Claudian, because, of course, that was, in vulgar language, a "fake" pure and simple; but that he should think Shakespeare only "funny" and Nellie Farren "splendid," that he should like comic songs and pantomimes, "gives one to think," as the French say. Again, he exalted Bret Harte above Dickens and Thackeray, which, as Euclid put it, is absurd. In the next

place, the manner in which he bullied critics into praising his work, and the intense antipathy he conceived for everyone who had an honest dislike of it, are scarcely characteristics that we would look for in a great artist. He seems to have taken the foolery of his disciples quite seriously. Mr. Menpes says:

"Once an interesting figure appeared on our horizon—a French painter. He was Whistler's find, and was held up to us Followers as an example. 'At last,' Whistler said, 'I have found a follower worthy of the Master.' (I noticed with secret joy that he did not call him pupil.) This man went bareheaded always when in the presence of Whistler; whether out of doors or in, no one could persuade him to wear a hat."

Mr. Menpes has related many interesting anecdotes connected with Whistler, but he has failed to harmonise them into a clear and vivid impression. Sometimes we feel in doubt as to whether he is in jest or earnest. For example, take this sporting story, which he gives on the authority of a friend:

"'Suddenly,' he said, 'Whistler had a marvellous chance. A large bird—it might have been a peacock—came sailing majestically up to him. I whispered to him, 'Now's your chance!' Whistler, having been brought up at West Point, knew all about loading. He soon loaded his gun, fixed his eyeglass, and fired; and—it was a most extraordinary coincidence, but—the next thing I realised was that my favourite dog was shot. Nothing more was said, and somehow or other we drifted back home. That was the only day's sport I ever had with Whistler.'"

The idea of a sportsman loading his gun and fixing his eyeglass while a bird was approaching him is quite exquisitely funny.

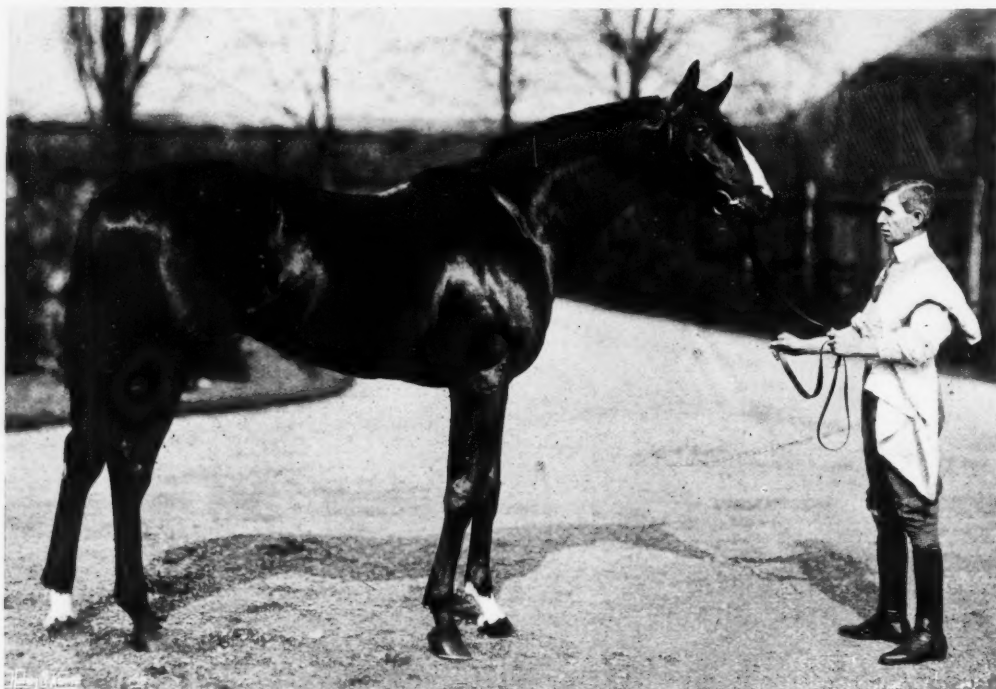
We will finish by quoting the account of Mr. Whistler at the barber's:

"The hair was trimmed, but left rather long, Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the barber in the glass. The poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated his scissors. Well he might, for was not this common barber privileged to be thus an instrument in the carrying out of a masterpiece, a picture by the Master? The clipping completed, Whistler waved the operator imperiously on one side, and we noticed for a little while the back view of this dapper little figure surveying himself in the glass, stepping now backward, now forward. Suddenly, to the intense surprise of the bystanders, he put his head into a basin of water, and then, half drying his hair, shook it into matted wet curls. With a comb he carefully picked out the white lock, a tuft of hair just above his forehead, wrapped it in a towel, and walked about the room for from five to ten minutes pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his face. This stage of the process caused great amusement at the hair-dresser's. Still pinching the towel, Whistler would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (to comb them would not have given them the right quality) until they fell into decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air! Whistler wanted a comb! This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume, and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass, and say but two words, 'Menpes, amazing!' and sail triumphantly out of the shop."

This, it will be observed, gives the outward habits of the man with great detail and cleverness, but it leaves us as much in doubt as ever as to what was inside the husk. Whistler must have been a man of insight and thought and ambition far beyond anything that appears in the pages of Mr. Menpes' book.

MR. MUSKER'S STUD.

CERTAIN of the up-to-date training establishments contrast strangely with many of those that men whose experience of the Turf has been long, saw in their early days. Perhaps they were situated at a considerable distance from a railway station, and in that case had to be reached by a drive over a hilly, stony, uneven road. In compensation for those drawbacks the scenery, especially in the North of England, was not seldom charming. The air of the moors or wolds on which the horses did their work was singularly exhilarating, and a visitor somewhat jaded by life in a large town, returned to his temporary quarters after seeing the thorough-breds at exercise on a fine summer or autumn



W. A. Rouch.

THE WARRIOR.

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morning refreshed in mind and body, if rather envious of those whose lives were spent amid such pleasant surroundings. There was another side to the picture of which he knew nothing. During the severe winters, then common, the exercise grounds presented a dreary aspect. Occasionally the occupants of the training establishment were "snowed up," and to procure supplies a path had to be cut for a considerable distance to enable a light cart to reach the nearest town.

Folks who saw for the first time the trainers' houses and stables, especially if they were long-standing buildings, celebrated in Turf story on account of many owners of renown that had horses there, were at first sight of them often disappointed. Certain of those situated in Yorkshire were by no means imposing in appearance. Such was the case with Ashgill at Middleham, for instance, and Belleisle at Richmond. Very unassuming was the last-named place, once occupied by the celebrated William Peirse, and long afterwards by James Watson, father of sons who at the present day pursue his calling with success. Plain as might be the trainers' homes from without, the guest was sure of a warm welcome within. Capital substantial fare awaited him at most of them. Some of the most renowned had special reputations for particular dishes. At Whitewall, for instance, in the time of John Scott, Lord Derby and other patrons used to relish at breakfast the ham steak and the hash of splendid mutton. Near to Park House, where John Porter dwells, runs a capital trout stream. When Sir Joseph Hawley used in summer to go to Kingsclere to see his horses, he stipulated that his earliest meal should consist of a brace of spotted beauties from the brook, a



W. A. Kouch.

MELODIOUS.

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chop, and a dish of freshly-gathered strawberries. South Country visitors to some of the North Yorkshire stables were always well pleased by the ripe Wensleydale cheese, and by the strong, pale, clean-tasting, home-brewed ale.

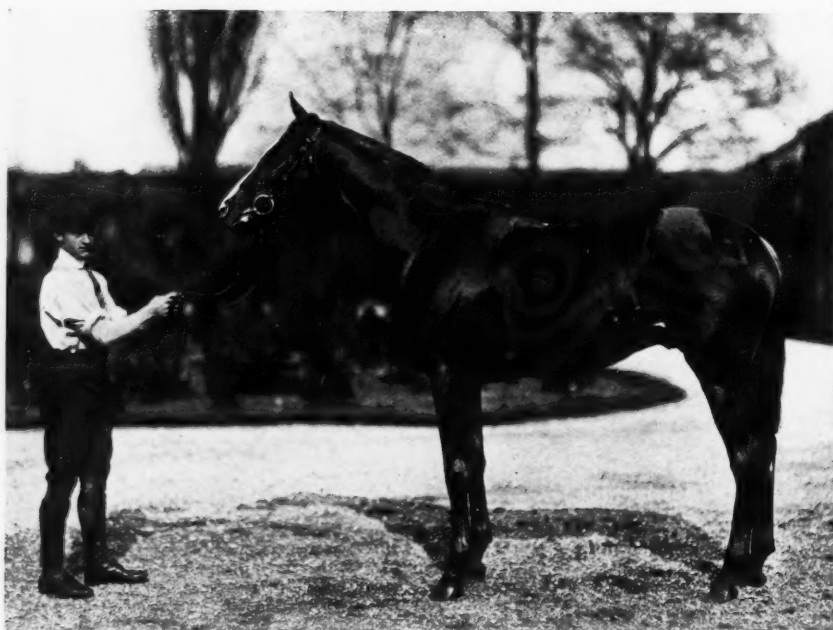
Splendid in appearance and arrangement, as compared with the cramped, weather-beaten establishments of old, are certain of those of modern date at Newmarket and elsewhere. With the appearance of Green Lodge at "head-quarters" most men who attend the meetings are familiar. It was built by Mr. J. F. Clark, the well-known racing judge, and has since been rebuilt, with many additions and improvements. For many years Green Lodge was occupied by the respected trainer James Ryan, whose connection with one of the most esteemed owners of race-horses,



W. A. Kouch.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

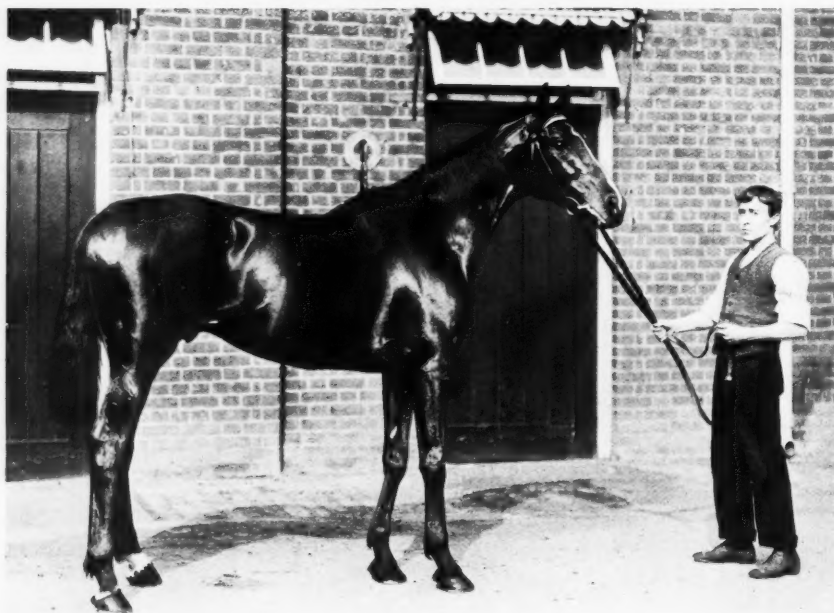
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ADMIRAL BREEZE.

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McYARDLEY.

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LILLA.

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Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, is of long standing. The green and gold of the gentleman just named was in those days carried by a horse of brilliant excellence in Springfield. Of splendid speed, as he showed on many occasions, there is no reason to doubt that he would have proved to be a race-horse of exceedingly high class had it been determined to run him over long courses. Another great winner, if not a horse of high quality, that at that period had a home at Green Lodge was Laveno.

At pretty Green Lodge now are to be seen horses in training belonging to Mr. J. Musker, owner, breeder, and good sportsman. Gilbert is the trainer, and thoroughly capable of doing the fullest justice to his charges. Best of them, perhaps, is Henry the First, by Melton out of Simena, winner of the recent remarkable race for the Newmarket Stakes, in which he defeated John o' Gaunt, the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby victor St. Amant, and two others. The victory made happy Mr. Musker, Gilbert, Madden, "Tommy" Bruckshaw, and probably everyone else concerned in the horse. Since he suffered defeat in the First Spring week, Henry the First has "come on" greatly, and when autumn is reached may be the best of his year, at any rate so far as English-trained horses of his age are concerned.

Differing in colour is his own brother, William Rufus, older by a year. At present he is not at his best, a mishap having thrown him for a time out of gear. He was a winner during his first season, and in 1903 scored on several occasions. Certain of the stakes that fell to him were valuable. Should all go well with the horse until the autumn, his class will then be found to be considerably better, probably, than most persons suppose. A useful stable companion is the six year old McYardley, a bay horse by McMahon out of Paradoxical, able to be of service in more ways than one. By no means of high quality, he has, nevertheless, been repeatedly a winner, one of the chief of his hits being effected in the spring of 1902, when he carried off the Northamptonshire Stakes, no longer possessing the importance that could once be claimed for it; while on the Knavesmire last August he, to the surprise of many, proved too strong for Throwaway, Cliftonhall, Wavelet's Pride, and others that opposed him for the Great Ebor Handicap.

At one period of last autumn rumour was busy with the name of Admiral Breeze, then two years old. Had he proved to be a very good race-horse, no one would have been much surprised, running blood being in his veins. His sire is Velasquez, a horse of which high expectations were formed during the early part of his racing career; while Seabreeze, dam of the colt under notice, was far above the average, as shown by her triumphs in the Oaks and St. Leger. At the earliest of the Newmarket meetings this season, Admiral Breeze finished in front of his much more fancied comrade, Henry the First, for the Craven Stakes, and subsequently carried off unexpectedly the Tudor Plate at Sandown Park. Time may do much for him, although "Henry" is doubtless at the present time much the better of the pair, and likely to retain his superiority.

Another three year old bearer of the "light blue, violet sleeves, grey cap" of Mr. J. Musker is The Warrior, a brown son of Orion and Vaurienne. Orion, by Bend Or, a Derby winner, out of Shotover, also victorious for the great Epsom stake, is one of the Westerham Hill Stud stallions (variously located), the others being Melton, the highly-bred Flying Lemur, Jaquemart, Chevening, and Lord Melton. As a two year old The Warrior ran four times without success, and recently failed to win the Column Produce Stakes at Newmarket when made favourite. Still, like others of his comrades, he will probably be seen to better advantage later in the season. A Green Lodge

filly that shows considerable promise is Melodious, a chestnut daughter of the shapely Jaquemart and Melodola. As a two year old she was by no means unsuccessful. After finishing second to the smart Orienta for the valuable Stud Produce Stakes at the Newmarket First July Meeting, she proved too strong for her opponents in the West Riding Champagne Trial Stakes at Pontefract, and was subsequently winner of the International Breeders' Two Year Old Stakes at Kempton Park.

The stable does not lack youngsters of promise. One of the two year olds is Bright Magenta, and another Lilla. Of the last-named, a heavily engaged bay filly, by St. Simon out of Melody, great things may reasonably be expected. Not only does her pedigree suggest this, but, as her photograph shows, she possesses remarkable beauty. Should all go well with her, it will indeed be hard fortune, and totally out of keeping with promise shown, should she fail to attain high distinction as a race-horse, besides being of great value for stud purposes in after life. Farewell, then, at present to the Green Lodge gems, with a wish that Henry the First may become a racer



W. A. Rouch.

BRIGHT MAGENTA.

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of the first class, that his brother, William Rufus, may soon return to form, and Lilla bear out to the full the promise of her looks.

A SEAL FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY.

WHATEVER complaints may be justly urged against the destructive habits of collectors, I think that few would deny that it is right that the specimens of mammals or birds exhibited in our great public institutions should be as perfect as possible, so as to convey to the thousands that have never seen the creatures themselves in their wild state as correct an impression of their appearance as is feasible. Therefore, when I noticed that the stuffed specimens of the British seal (*Phoca vitulina*) at Cromwell Road presented the unsatisfactory appearance to be expected from the use of a dried skin relaxed and stuffed long after death, I made the offer, which was gratefully accepted, that on my return to Thule I would send a first-rate specimen in the best condition within thirty-six hours of the time when he was basking on his native rocks. In most parts of the British Isles it would have been rash to have made more than a conditional promise; but I had watched these interesting mammals in their hundreds the year before, and felt sure that I should be able to carry out my undertaking without difficulty, probably at the first attempt.

I had spent nearly a month in my happy hunting grounds before I made any attempt to carry out my undertaking. I was determined that if one of my amphibious friends was to die, he should not perish in vain, and I knew that until close upon September there would be some risk that the seals would not have got rid of their old winter coats with brown hairs and assumed their new covering of speckled fur in the best condition. When this danger had disappeared there was still a combination of times and circumstances to wait for: a warm, still, sunny day with no wind, and a spring tide, and this on a day when the bi-weekly steamer was due to call on its way to Glasgow, railways and civilisation. At last came the hour, and the man was ready in the person of my son, never so happy as when he can find a reasonable excuse for using his '303 sporting rifle.

The best time for stalking seals on the rocks off shore is about half tide; at dead low water they are there, but the reefs are such a confused mass of boulders and seaweed that it is not easy to see them, and still more difficult to approach within shot, while at high water they are washed off their resting-places and are swimming about and fishing in the strong currents. First of ebb was due at about ten o'clock in the morning, so we arranged to have a round of golf first and then go on to Ardskenish for the

stalk, as there were sure to be seals on the rocks surrounding the peninsula on so favourable a day. We drove down to the links in a ramshackle old American buck-board, dating back to the Red River Expedition; at least, the frame belonged to the original vehicle, although most of the machine had been renewed or repaired. It was just the thing for the job, as we had to drive over the grass of the links and along a rough farm road to get to our destination. Then it is more suitable than a neat dog-cart or victoria to receive the carcase of a dead seal without damage, as a little soap and water soon gets rid of all traces of what cannot be considered a desirable passenger. Long-suffering as it was, I had learnt on a former occasion that it was possible to overtask its capacity, as it had divided into two portions with a hideous groan under the burden of four sportsmen with their guns, spoils, and cartridge-bags returning from a successful evening's flight shooting; but nobody was any the worse for the spill, and the cost of restoring the damaged vehicle to a better condition than before the accident was something under a sovereign. The road, which runs nearly due west, passes through a narrow strip of arable land bordered by moor and moss, and we saw a large flock of black game, most of them cocks, feeding on the stubble to our right, and a number of wild rock-pigeons came over our heads within shot just before we reached the first tee on the golf links.

The sun was shining brightly and the atmosphere was so clear that the distant lighthouse, some eighteen miles away on the only land between us and America, was a prominent object on the horizon. Our game was as enjoyable as ever, we lost about the usual number of balls in rabbit-holes, and my black spaniel Ben diminished the number of rabbits by some three or four. I have often wondered what would be the value of that magnificent natural course if it was only a little more accessible. The turf is perfection, the natural hazards, rocky knolls and sand bunkers, full of the most beautiful white shell sand, are to be found in abundance where they are required, while you may often find yourself driving at a flock of gulls, plovers, or oyster-catchers. I never killed any of these birds with a golf ball, but such an accident might easily occur, as they hardly take the trouble to get out of the way. In the two bays flocks of eider duck, teal, and widgeon feed and shelter, while quite a number of seals swim round the rocks, or stand on their heads in the shallow water, greedily devouring the prawns, shrimps, and flat fish on the bottom. There would be no difficulty in securing a specimen

there at once, and even if it sank it would be found high and dry at low water; but we have never dreamt of disturbing them there, for, as there would be no difficulty, there would be no sport in shooting them. The veriest cockney that ever broke a bottle with a pea rifle could not miss the poor brutes swimming round within 20 yds. of the rocks, whereas to stalk them lying on shore, ever watchful and on the look-out for the slightest indication of danger by sound, scent, or sight, is so difficult that I rather wonder at my temerity in having already directed a label for which I may possibly find no use.

At about half-past one, having finished our game and our lunch, we started on our walk over the narrow neck of high ground that separated the links from the promontory of Ardskenish. We were in no doubt whether we should find seals, as we had had a view of the rocks we intended to visit from the twelfth green, which is picturesquely situated at the foot of a small hill on which the ruins of an ancient British fort are still traceable. Just before reaching the spot on the watershed where we meant to spy, we picked up the body of a herring-gull, still warm, and without a sign of any wound or injury perceptible. I sometimes wonder what it is that causes the death of so many sea-birds in this secure retreat. The felonious race of "gull-pluggers," I am thankful to say, has never found its way there, and the cause of death is certainly not a gun-shot wound; yet I have picked up the bodies of gulls, plovers, oyster-catchers, and even of Solan geese, without discovering, even by a post-mortem, the cause of their decease. This most frequently occurs after a violent gale, but they do not seem to have succumbed to starvation, and show no indication of having been battered by the force of the storm. I thought that the big grey and white bird would have looked very well stuffed on an imitation rock by the side of the seal, if we got one, but I was aware that there was no room for such purely decorative adjuncts in the mammals gallery for which our still living specimen was destined.

At length we three, my son, my dog, and myself, came out upon a sand-dune, some 30 ft. high, thickly covered with the wiry bent grass so obnoxious to golfers who get off the line at Westward Ho or Sandwich. Here we all halted. I put a leader on to the spaniel and fastened him up, and then we began to spy. We had not far to look; just below us a reef of tangle-covered rocks stretched away to the north and west, and not half a mile away, on a flat rock, divided by a narrow channel of salt water from the beach and the mainland, sixteen seals, all good specimens, lay quietly basking. The wind, what there was of it, was favourable, and there was a small boulder on the sand about 120 yds. from the herd which would provide shelter, although the stalk would not be an easy one, and would require pretty flat crawling over the wet sand. The channel of sea which looked so narrow from our post of observation was really at least 50 yds. wide, and too deep for wading; but we were prepared for this contingency, as Geoffrey was so dressed that he had not the slightest objection to swimming across, and had provided himself with a coil of rope to attach to his quarry, and drag his body to *terra firma*.

My part of the business was over for the present. I made myself comfortable in my seat, lighted a pipe, adjusted the focus of my glass, and awaited developments. My spaniel nestled close beside me; he knew something was in the wind, but was not certain what it was. I know of nothing more interesting than watching a stalk from the beginning. In some respects it is even more amusing for the spectator than for the actor, as the latter cannot under any circumstances see his quarry all the time, whereas the spectator, watching with a glass from an eminence, can practically keep both the hunter and the hunted in view, although both objects are not within the ring of the telescope at the same time. If the animal should move during the stalk, there ought to be some prearranged signal by which the nature of the altered situation can be notified by the watcher to the stalker. It is maddening to be condemned to watch a friend cautiously crawling to certain failure in consequence of a movement you have noted during its execution, without having any means of conveying your knowledge to him in time to be of any use. There is not so much danger of this calamity in the case of seals as in that of deer; the former seldom leave their place on a rock except to take to the water, in which case the stalk is at an end, whereas a herd of feeding deer are moving, although slowly, all the time, and it frequently happens that the original plan of campaign is altogether frustrated for want of communication with a well-informed spy. This time there was no such *contretemps*. First I saw Geoffrey disappear behind the sand-dunes to my left, and then, after an interval of time, which seemed much longer than it really was, he emerged on the seashore at an angle which interposed the favouring boulder between him and the herd. Now came the occasion for the exercise of all his hunter's craft; an absolutely serpentine method of progression was essential, as the rock, the only available cover, was low and not very wide. As he slowly wriggled forward my attention and my glass were turned on the group of seals. Every time one of them lifted its head I feared

that eye, ear, or nose had conveyed some indication of danger, but on turning once more the direction of my glass I could see that the moving form was now close under the sheltering rock, and that a few more minutes would bring him within sight and shot of his quarry. Now he has reached his destination, and is cautiously lifting his head very slowly and almost imperceptibly to choose the best beast before putting himself into position. I am not conscious of showing any visible signs of excitement, but my black spaniel Ben certainly knows that the psychological moment is at hand, for his whole body is trembling, and his tail is going at the rate of 150 strokes a minute. I press my left hand on his head as a gentle hint that he is to keep quiet, and then once more turn my telescope on to the group of seals on the rock. Evidently they are still unconscious of the danger which I know to be so imminent. I have just settled, to the best of my ability, that the third one from the left is the one he is pretty sure to choose, when I notice a slight, almost imperceptible, sinking of its head, and see the other fifteen splashing into the water, with every sign of haste and terror. Before I hear the shot, which almost immediately wakes the echoes, I know that the stalk has been successful, and that the slight drooping of the head of the seal still remaining on the rock was its last movement. The interesting martyr in the cause of science had certainly had a swift and merciful end, for he could never have heard the shot that killed him. The next moment all is hurry and movement. The stalker has deposited his rifle on the sand behind him, and is taking off his coat, preparatory to a plunge; my dog is already bounding along the shore towards him, and another figure is visible for the first time—that of the under-keeper, who had been told to bring the buck-board to the nearest point on the farm road and then come down to the sand-dunes and await events, taking care, of course, to keep out of sight. No doubt, like myself, he saw the whole of the stalk from beginning to end, and he is the second on the spot; the dog was first, I a bad third. By the time I am beside him he has picked up the rifle, wiped it and put it into its canvas cover, and the swimmer is crossing the channel with vigorous strokes, and in another minute stands on the rock examining the specimen. Not very far off three or four black dog-like heads emerge from the water, those of some of the other seals looking back for the companion they left behind; but they are soon down again, and the next time they come up to breathe they are mere dots on the glassy surface of the channel, near the point where it joins the open sea.

The inspection is very satisfactory: the wound just behind the eyes has not injured the skin or shattered the bone of the skull; the beast is a big one, and the skin is in perfect order, with handsome markings. But we shall soon be able to judge for ourselves; the rope has been fastened to the hind flippers, and the swimmer is already in his depth on our side of the strait, and is standing up hauling at the line, at the end of which the big body progresses slowly towards us, now just above the surface, now just below it. Its specific gravity is only slightly denser than that of the water; but it would certainly sink if the hitch knot failed to hold. The next stage of the proceedings is that the rope-end has been handed over to us, to do the remainder of the towing, while the successful sportsman is shaking himself like a big dog—all the drying he will do until we get home and he is able to change.

Now comes the most arduous part of the performance; it is by no means an easy task to convey a beast weighing 13 st., very slippery, and singularly inconveniently constructed for purposes of transport, more than three-quarters of a mile, first over wet sand and rock covered with tangle and bladder-weed, then up and down hill, over loose sand, in which the foot sinks deep at every step, and lastly up the brae face to where the track crosses the hill. First Duncan and I each grasp one of the fore flippers at the thinnest point and half lift, half drag, the body along between us, but we get but a very unsatisfactory hand-hold, and soon have to press the third party into the service, and take it by turns to lift and carry the hind flippers. As far as mere weight was concerned the keeper, a stout West Highlander, would have managed the whole of the job himself; but we could not contrive any satisfactory method of slinging the beast round his neck as a deer is adjusted on a man's back with the hind and fore legs tied together, and the weight of the body just below the shoulders. At last we found a long and substantial piece of drift wood that had once formed part of a spar or oar—there are no trees on that part of the island from which we could cut a pole—and, reefing a loop of rope round the hind flippers, suspended our burden from the middle of the pole, and bore it between us on our shoulders, as the spies are depicted in old engravings and woodcuts bearing the huge cluster of grapes back from the Promised Land. In this manner, taking turns as bearers and chief mourner in the procession, we at last got the seal to the buck-board. Here a new difficulty presented itself—how to stow it. It would not go under the seat, it would not stay up on it, and it was too supple to put partly on one seat and partly on the other. Eventually we managed to arrange its head on the back seat, with the two front flippers tied to

the bars on either side, and the hind flippers tucked under the front seat, and in this position we left it for the keeper to drive it to the pier, wrap it in cocoanut matting, and deliver it on board the steamer directed to Rowland Ward, Piccadilly. We also gave him two letters to post, advising the arrival. These necessary documents had been prepared beforehand, happily not in vain.

The seal was duly delivered at its destination, "in good

order and condition," within thirty-six hours from the time when he had been taking his siesta on the rock by the shore of the Atlantic. He now occupies a place of honour in the British gallery of the Museum, and I am vain enough to think that he contrasts very favourably with the specimens around him. The skin is a fine one, beautifully mottled, and the artist who preserved him has made exceptionally good use of an exceptionally favourable opportunity.

THE BULLDOG.

"UGH! What hideous brutes!" was a remark I heard fall from the lips of a fair visitor to the Bulldog Club's show recently held. And that is a remark which, no doubt, many will ejaculate upon gazing at the fine photographs

of Mr. Richard Croker, jun.'s, dogs which adorn these pages. Yet there is something attractive about the dog. Certainly with the "fancy" he stands in great favour, and they are never tired of eulogising him. Twenty years ago the bulldog had fallen very low in the "doggy" scale, but the fashion changed, and Mr. Bull rose again in popularity, with the result that for fancy prices he beat all other breeds, and anything up to £2,000 for a good specimen was paid. This, I believe, was the price paid by Mr. Croker for the famous Rodney Stone; but it was rather a bad speculation, for the dog, who became as famous as his literary prototype, did not live long after his transportation to the United States.

At one time it appeared as if our national dog was to be allowed to become extinct. It belongs quite to this country, and is looked upon by foreigners as emblematical of us, by reason of its tenacity, courage, and determination; and "John Bull" is rarely depicted, either here or abroad, without his faithful companion.

Our leading bulldogs can trace their descent through many generations, for it is quite one of the oldest known breeds, and one from which many others have sprung. Many people run away with the idea that the bulldog is stupidly ferocious, and, no doubt, they have some reason for so doing; but quite apart from his countenance, his breed has been most persistently and unjustly maligned. For instance, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" we read that "the bulldog is the least sagacious, as well as the most obstinate and ferocious, of the dog tribe." Never was a stronger libel perpetrated, for he is seldom quarrelsome, and rarely attacks another dog—luckily for the other! Of course, there are individual exceptions, but they are chiefly the results of bad training, and will be found in quite as large a percentage in almost any other breed of the animal. Occasionally a bulldog, through long

confinement or other cause, will go what is known in elephants as "must," and then, as in the case of the larger quadruped, there is very little chance of reforming him. I have had personal experience of this, to the detriment of my exchequer.

A splendid specimen of a dog, with a pedigree going back into the long ago, which I possessed, went "must," with the result that it was not safe to allow him out, even on the shortest of leads, for whilst quite harmless to, and playful with, children, for those of his own species he seemed to bear the bitterest resentment. Every means we tried to cure him, but without success, and the effort cost me the price of a couple of well-bred fox-terriers, who suffered the penalty of approaching too near "his majesty." A curious fact about this dog was that, although he would not allow any other dog within reach of the length of his chain, yet a hen, during the later stages of his existence, was permitted to make her nest in his kennel, and regularly laid her eggs there without molestation. The bulldog has been accused of deficiency of brain power, but this has been refuted by one of the greatest of canine specialists, "Stonehenge," who avers that a bulldog's brain is larger than that of a spaniel,

which is supposed to be the most intellectual of the canine race.

It would scarcely be surprising if the good qualities of the bulldog had disappeared, for after bull-baiting was prohibited by Parliament in the early part of last century, he passed into the hands of the very lowest type of men, who then used him for fighting purposes—that class of men so ably described by Charles Dickens, whose character of Bill Sykes and his dog must be familiar to all. It was no doubt from the fact that he was used for the purposes of bull-baiting that the animal got his name, though in days gone by he was not only used for that purpose, but also for baiting bears and other animals. These so-called "pastimes" were patronised by Royalty, and the officials who managed the sport held their positions under the Crown. On October 11th, 1561, a patent was issued to Sir Saunders Duncombe "for the sole practice and profit of the fighting and combating



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RODNEY STONE'S HEAD.

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RODNEY STONE.

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BROMLEY CRIB.

of wild and domestic beasts within the realm of England, for the space of fourteen years."

Queen Elizabeth was a supporter, and in Nichols's "Progresses" it is recorded that on May 25th, 1559, soon after her accession to the throne, she gave a dinner to the French Ambassadors, who afterwards were entertained with the baiting of bulls and bears, and the Queen herself stood with the Ambassadors looking on at the pastime until six at night, the performance being repeated the following day. Twenty-seven years later we find Her Majesty entertaining the Danish Ambassador in a similar fashion at Greenwich. Later, in Queen Anne's time, baiting was still much in evidence, bull-baiting lingering much longer than bear-baiting, and in the middle of the seventeenth century it was universal throughout England. Butchers who sold unbaited beef were subject in various boroughs to considerable penalties! the idea being to promote the continuation of what was considered a manly sport!! It gradually fell out of favour with the upper classes, however, and in Pepys' time was considered more the sport of the populace than of gentlefolk. Even the historian expressed disgust at a bull-baiting which he witnessed in the Southwark Bear Garden on August 14th, 1666. He wrote, "It is a very rude and nasty pleasure," whilst Evelyn, writing of a similar scene on June 16th, 1670, said he "was most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime." At the beginning of the nineteenth century only the lowest and most despicable patronised the barbarous pastime, and an attempt was made to pass a Bill for its suppression, but it was not until 1835 that it was made illegal, and even then it was continued in an illicit fashion in a few places.

After all these vicissitudes through which the breed has passed, it would scarcely have been surprising had the bulldog deserved all the epithets which have been hurled at him, for, falling into the hands of the lowest type of humanity, he has been for very many years subjected to the worst of ill-treatment, mainly for the purpose of testing his powers of endurance. But now better days are in store for him, and he once more takes his proper place in the canine social scale.

In general appearance the bulldog is a smooth-coated, thick-set, broad, powerful, compact, determined dog with a massive head; muzzle blunt, broad, and inclined upwards, stout, muscular limbs, with hind quarters tapering, but high and strong. Whilst scarcely "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," the head of a bulldog at once strikes one, and it is, indeed, a most distinctive feature, another being the peculiar placement of his fore legs, which give him the appearance somewhat of

the old Dutch china-ware. In a well-bred dog the head is abnormally large; in fact, quite out of proportion to its body. The forehead is flat, with great depth of face, and the entire head is covered with loose skin, which hangs in large wrinkles, and is looked upon as a mark of exceeding beauty. The frontal bone is very prominent, broad, square, and high, and the formation of the nasal bone causes a deep indentation between the eyes, known as the "stop." This said stop is deep and broad, extending to the middle of the forehead. The eyes are round and very dark, set low in the head, and as far from the ears as possible, and when they are looking forward none of the white must be seen. The ears are small and thin, and set high in the head, what is known as the "rose ear" being considered the proper shape. The nose is broad and black, with wide nostrils, having a well-marked straight line between them set deep in the head. The lips must be thick and broad, the upper hanging well over the lower jaw at the sides, but not in front. They should meet in front, quite covering the teeth, which should not be visible when the mouth is entirely closed. The jaws, viewed from any position, are massive, with the tusks, or canine teeth, set wide apart. The lower jaw is much the longer, and turns up, and the six small teeth set between the canines should be in an even row. The molars are strong and very large. The neck is thick and well arched, with a wealth of loose skin about the throat, forming a double dewlap on each side. The chest, laterally, is very wide, round,

deep, and prominent, with the shoulders set obliquely on the body. The brisket should be round and deep from the top of the shoulder to where it joins the chest, as well as being let down between the fore legs and not flat-sided. The back falls close behind the shoulders, and then rising again forms what is known as the "roach back," which is the chief characteristic of the breed. It should be short and narrow at the loins. The tail, which differs from that of any other member of the species, is set very low, and is short, with a peculiar kink. It is quite round, and tapers to a fine point. It should be carried downwards without being inclined to curl or screw at the end. The fore legs are very stout and strong, set very wide apart, and have the appearance, when viewed from the front, of being bowed, but it is only the position of the chief muscles which gives them this appearance. The bones of the leg must be perfectly straight. They are shorter than the hind legs, but not sufficient to give the back the appearance of being long. The elbows are low, standing well away from the ribs, with pasterns straight and short. The coat should be fine in texture, short and smooth, and by no means



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WHITE WITCH.

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wiry, while the colours vary, brindles and whites with markings predominating. The weight varies considerably, as, excluding the toy breeds, from 35lb. to 55lb. is the average.

Through the abnormal development of certain parts of the body, the show-dog has suffered considerably in one respect, and that is in walking powers. The question once arose at a show, where, as the result of a heated discussion, the owners of two dogs matched them to walk against each other a certain distance. The one was without doubt a great show-dog, but his accentuated points were all against his performing the task; and so it proved, for after covering less than a mile he gave in, whereas the other, without the abnormal developments, trotted the distance (ten miles) with ease.

The bulldog is one of the most difficult to rear, but when once it has passed the puppy stage it seems to be capable of withstanding almost anything. It has been said that the greyhound, as we know him now, has bulldog blood in him, which gives him that "grit" so necessary to make a good courser, and the bull-terrier is another cross which is much in favour.

F. N. P.

IN THE GARDEN.

AMONG THE CARNATIONS.

THE flowering-time of the Carnation is approaching, and a few of the earlier varieties are just opening to give the grower the reward for his year's work. Carnations grow in popularity; we suppose there has been no time in recent years when the old Clove, pink in colour and sweet in fragrance, was not popular, but of late the Malmaison, the Tree, Marguerite, and border varieties have been planted freely in gardens large and small. This enthusiasm for the Carnation has spread throughout America, too, and huge market nurseries are given to its culture alone, the plants being grown not in pots, as we are accustomed to see them in England, but on benches. The work at the present moment is chiefly confined to taking care of the spike. A neat stick, or one of the special appliances that are manufactured for the purpose, will keep the flowers up and prevent the stem breaking when the wind is strong and, perhaps, the rainfall heavy. Very soon it will be time to layer, and when seedlings are grown it is interesting to watch the flowers expand. The colour is a hidden mystery—it may be white, yellow, scarlet, pink, or mauve—the flower may be double or single, valuable or worthless, and the seedlings that are to be kept are noted for future trial. This is accomplished not only by keeping the parent plant, but by layering the strong flowerless shoots that it is possible to bend and peg down. The way to layer a Carnation is as follows: First remove 2in. or so of soil round the plant and fill in with good mould, a mixture of loam and silver sand, or such soil as one would pot Geraniums in. Then, with a sharp knife, make an upright cut through a joint of the shoot, having removed a few of the lower leaves, and peg down carefully into the soil. Special layering pins may be bought for a reasonable sum a dozen, or pegs made from Pea sticks will suffice. Put some of the same soil as was used before over the layer, water gently through a fine-rosed watering-pot, and the operation is complete. In three weeks or a month the layers will have rooted, and may then be separated from the parent plant and transferred to the places they are to permanently occupy. This is the time to observe the varieties and make a note of the best for planting in autumn or in the following spring. George Maquay is the purest white known to the writer. The flowers are large without a trace of coarseness, the petals wide, held well within the calyx, and snow white; a sweet fragrance is there also, and this attribute of scent is not always present, unfortunately, in many of the later novelties. A Carnation without fragrance has lost its greatest charm, as much so as a Baroness Rothschild Rose. Alice, a soft rose, is another beautiful border variety; so also is Ketton Rose, which is a showy pink. The writer also has Countess of Paris, very delicate pink, almost blush colour, Uriah Pike, crimson, Raby Castle, salmon pink, and Miss Audrey Campbell, the best of the yellows. A large proportion of seedling Carnations have single flowers, and go by the name of "Jacks" in Covent Garden Market. The colours among these varieties are frequently strong and good, and of much use in floral decorations.



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BIT O' BLUFF.

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6in. long, and with tendrils at the end. The whole plant is graceful and bright in colour from the flowers and the leaves. This is a climber that will probably in time displace the now well-known *G. superba*.

A New Rose.—A few years ago when Bennett and others were raising hybrid Roses novelties of any worth were rarities, but of late in the reports of the Royal Horticultural Society Show there have been as many new Roses as of any other flower. In the beautiful group of Messrs. William Paul and Son, at the exhibition in the Temple Gardens, there was one novelty, a Rose named *Perle de Neige*. It belongs to the Polyantha race, that is, with rambling growths, which throw themselves over anything near to them—a Rose to plant by a shrubbery, a rough fence, or pergola, over which it quickly spreads, and in the season of flowering is a mantle of spotless white. Though *Perle de Neige* has the growth of the rambling type, the flowers are distinct. Each is like a little imbricated rosette, neatly shaped, as white as snow, and sits lightly as it were on the slender shoot. A pretty Rose with a pretty name.

Azalea Ellen Cuthbert.—This is one of those wonderfully coloured Azaleas which the firm of Messrs. R. and G. Cuthbert of Southgate show from time to time. It is a cross between *A. mollis* and *A. sinensis*, and the leafless bush is smothered with the flowers, which are deep orange in colouring with a touch of Indian red in the upper petals. For giving colour to the greenhouse and conservatory in early summer nothing surpasses the *mollis* Azalea. The flowers are of all shades, clear, and self yellow, deep orange, apricot, red, crimson, and supple tints melting into each other, and every twig has its blossom. A bush in full beauty is a sea of colour, and the new hybrids deepen one's interest in so sunny a shrub.

A New Perennial Lupine.—The flower that is now sending its blue spires from a mass of bright green leaves is *Lupinus polyphyllus*; there is a white form of it called *albus*, and now a novelty named *roseus*. As the perennial Lupine is one of the easiest of all hardy plants to grow in the border, the clear rose-pink variety will be welcome. It was shown recently by Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons of Crawley, who told the writer that it came fairly true from seed; but whether this is so or not, it is quite easy to increase the Lupines by root division in spring, just as new growth is beginning.

WOUNDS IN TREES.

In response to the question of a Fellow in the recent Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society, the following advice is given for the prevention of bleeding: "We are strongly of opinion that all tree wounds should be tarred, not to prevent bleeding—for if the trees are cut in winter there will be no bleeding to hurt—but (1) to prevent the entrance of germs of fungi, and (2) to keep the wood from rotting before the tree has had time to scab the wound over. A large wound untarred is almost certain to rot in the centre before it has had time to scab over, and when once rot sets up healthy scabbing over ceases, and a permanent wound is established, which gradually penetrates to the trunk of the tree and brings on general decay. But the more important use of tar is to guard against the germs of fungi obtaining an entrance. The air, as is well known, is full of such germs, and many of the fungi are happily unable themselves to penetrate the healthy bark of a tree; but if the tree be wounded and the wood left bare, the seed germs will settle upon it, and the hair-like roots and branches of the fungus will grow down into and permeate the tissue of the wood, and spread all over the tree, and in time destroy it. The fungus germs cannot get through a coating of tar. We prefer a mixture of half Stockholm and half gas-tar boiled up together and put on hot, and as soon after the wound is made as possible. We should always devote the last hour or so of the day's work to tarring the wounds made previously, so as never to leave a wound naked more than a few hours. There should, however, be no 'stumps' left, as all branches should be cut off cleanly close in to the trunk."



COBHAM is a "ham" upon the cop or head of a chalk down. It is, perhaps, possible to write of Cobham in Kent without quoting the words of Mr. Pickwick's approval of the spot to which Mr. Tupman took the feelings which had been wounded by the world. But Mr. Pickwick's good judgment must remain upon record and unreversed. With the suburbs of London stretching in a grimy gallop towards Brighton and Clacton, St. Albans and Hindhead, Cobham stays remote and beautiful amongst its trees. The Leather Bottle still swings for a sign, although before a house which has in it few remains of Mr. Tupman's quiet harbourage, and the church still draws pilgrims to wonder at its tombs and pavement patterned with the Cobham brasses, the most famous in the kingdom. Beside and beyond these things Cobham has, in the old hall of Cobham, one of those great houses upon which the mid-Victorian lithographers fell eagerly. Our illustrations will persuade many that photography in the hands of one of its masters can tell us more of Cobham Hall and its like than any soft pencil, however skilful.

Cobham Hall has a long history, which may begin in the thirteenth century with Henry of Cobham, who bought the manor in the days of King John, and took a surname from his

purchase. The crest of the Saracen's head, which these Cobhams shared in later days with scores of other knightly houses, has in time given Henry of Cobham a place in legend as a Crusader. Whatever his calling, he founded a family which as lords of parliament, justices, and soldiers, carried the name of their little village far afield. A lord of Cobham followed Simon de Montfort, another had the queen of Robert Bruce in his keeping. Of the younger line of Cobham of Sterborough came a knight-founder of the Order of the Garter and that high-born lady who tampered with magic and walked to St. Paul's barefoot and in a white sheet for her iniquities.

Cobham passed more than once with a lass. Of these ladies of Cobham let us signalise one who rivalled the wife of Bath with her five husbands at the church door. She is a very patroness of the antiquary, for she herself lies under a beautiful brass of fine workmanship, which still remains at Cobham, and so likewise do three of her five husbands, two at Cobham and one in Westminster Abbey. The monument of her first husband is lost, and her fourth husband has the history book for all memorial, he being none other than Sir John Oldcastle the heretic, who was hung in chains and burned whilst hanging on Christmas Day in 1417. Joan, daughter of this well-married





"COUNTRY LIFE"

THE WESTERN TURRET

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THE WEST FACADE.

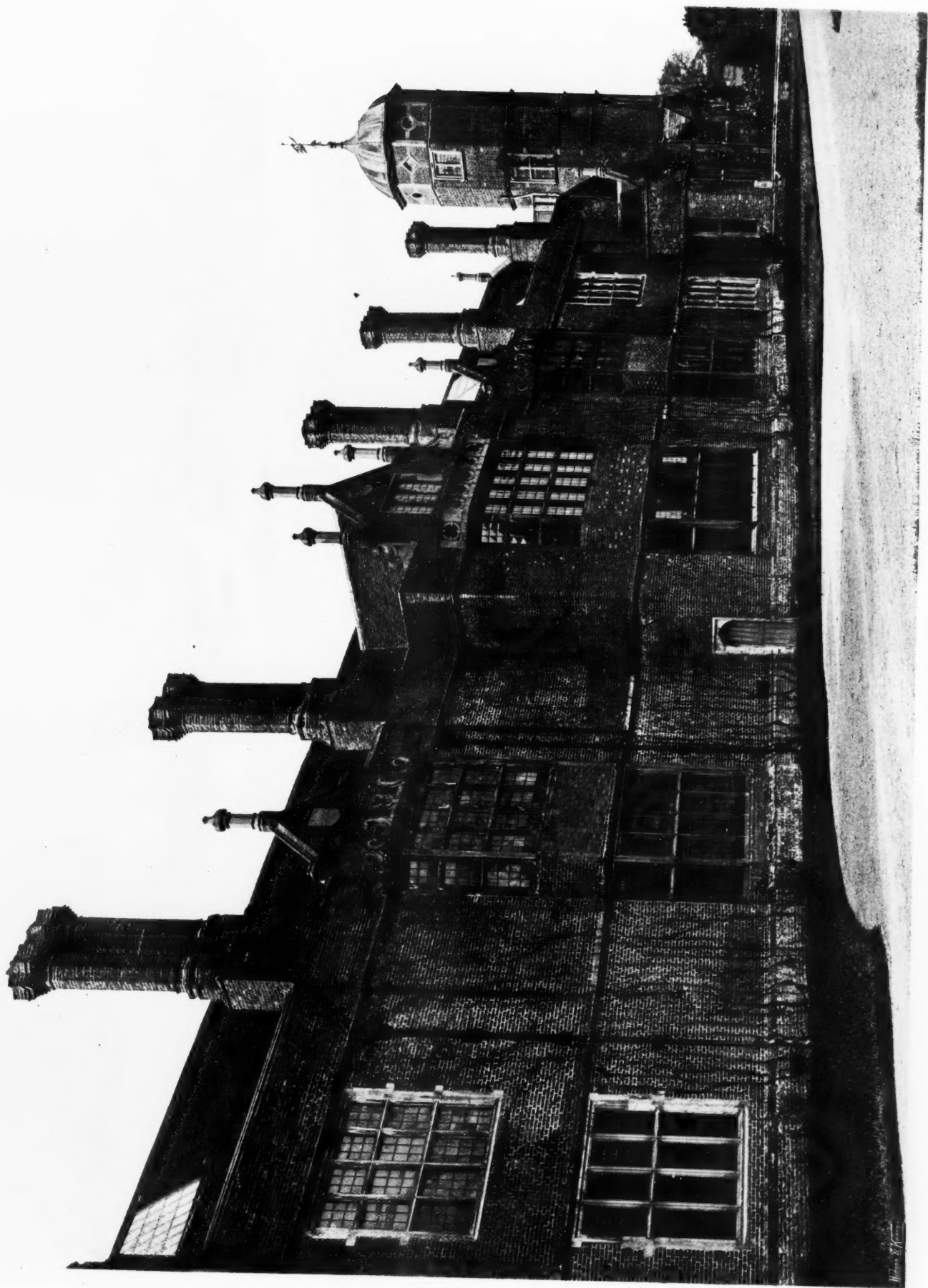
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FROM HALL TO GARDEN.

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THE NORTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dame, took Cobham to the Brookes, who wore the white rose badge in our civil wars.

Jacobean times brought the Brookes of Cobham to a bad eminence. Henry Brooke, eighth Lord Cobham, was in the "Main" plot for the Lady Arabella Stuart's cause. A weak conspirator, he told all, and more also, dragging in the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom his king's evidence sent to the Bloody Tower. Henry Brooke saved his own neck, but never saw pleasant Cobham Hall again; and his brother

George, although a prebendary at York, suffered at Winchester for the "Bye" plot, despite his cloth and his Cecil brother-in-law.

With Henry Brooke's treason Cobham Hall passed away from the descendants of its old lords. King James took it into his own hands and gave it to a cousin Stuart, Ludovic, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and a new line began. With this new line Cobham became again the dower of heiresses, and from the Dukes of Lennox descend the present lords, through O'Briens and Hydes of the Clarendon family, John Bligh, the first Earl of Darnley, marrying the Lady Theodosia Hyde, an only

daughter of an Earl of Clarendon.

Our picture of the west front of Cobham Hall shows a stately work of Inigo Jones, flanked by the Elizabethan wings built for the Brookes, with their stone-mullioned windows and pepper-caster turrets. All is in that red brick with stone dressings which, when softened by time in the clean air of the country, flashes such pleasant colour through the trees of an English park.

Of the ancient house of the Cobhams of Cobham the Elizabethan builders have left

us no memorial, nor does any picture recall it. Without doubt it was the old English house—a hall with its screen, the kitchens at one end and the bower at the other, and about these stables, barns, and household offices.

Many dates remain to point the history of the Brookes' work. The figures of 1584 will be seen over the southern door with the many quartered shield, helm, crest, and supporting beasts of William Brooke, Lord Cobham. The Spanish Armada checked for a time any great costs in building so near that menaced coast which Elizabeth garrisoned at Tilbury, but in 1591 the Lord Cobham was carrying 200 tons of stone from the Cæen



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THE CHALET OF CHARLES DICKENS.

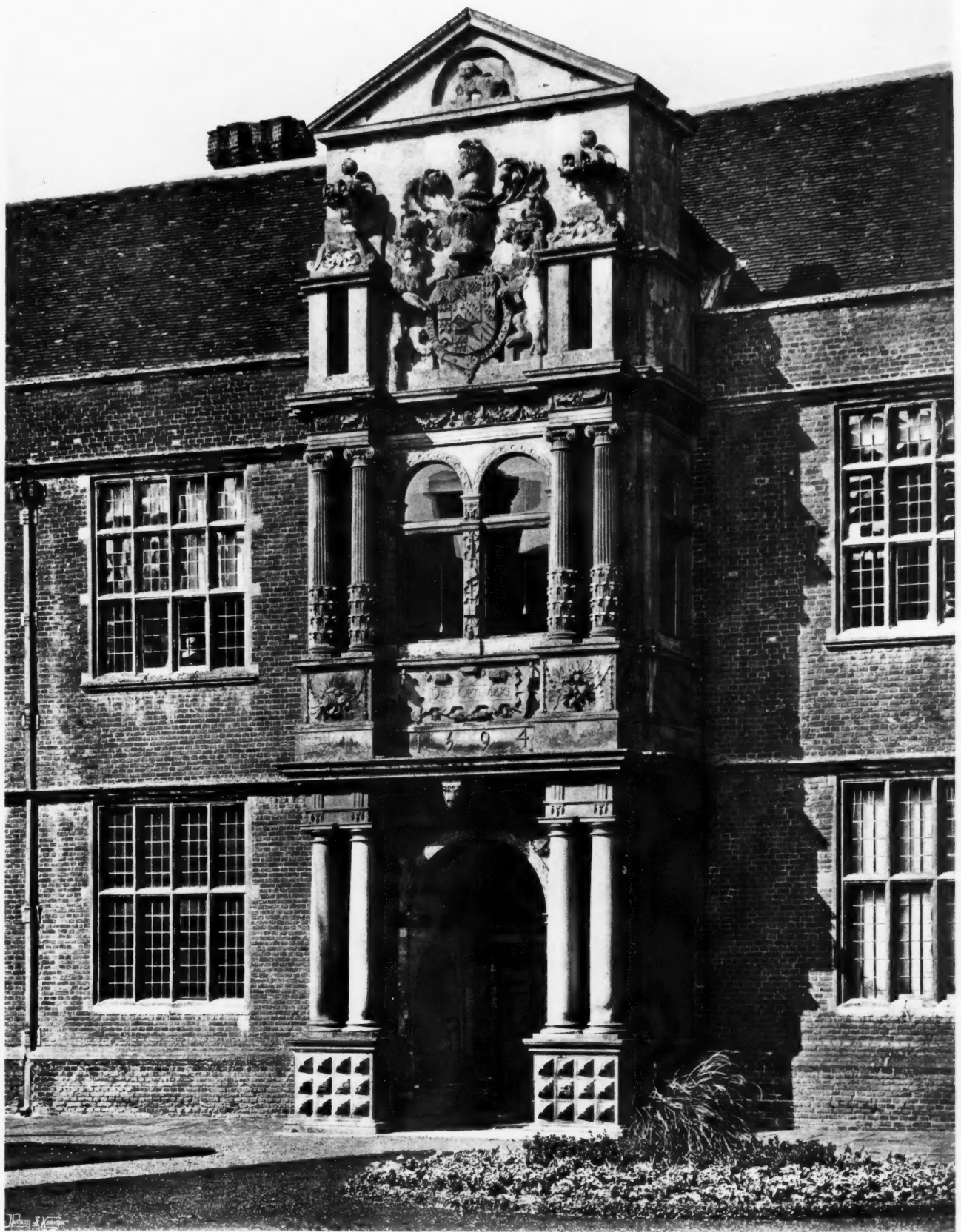
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THE WEST WING.

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THE SOUTH PORCH.

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CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PICTURE GALLERY, DATE 1599.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

quarries, under the permission of Henri Quatre. The roof of the north wing has 1595 in its leadwork, and 1599 is upon the mantel-piece in the great picture gallery, whose splendours give us one of our illustrations. Here again we have the shield of the Brookes with their Cobham quarterings, their crest of the Saracen's head, and their lions to support the gartered scutcheon.

For this carved work a Hollander or Fleming was hired by contract. He is "Giles de Whitt" in the building bills, and was, doubtless, Gillis de Witte at home over-sea. His work is found in all the carving and decorations in that new style which English hands were slow to learn. This building of the Brookes was cut short by their treason and fall, and no sovereign except one ever came to be their guest at Cobham, or to occupy the great room which, in the spirit of the time, they had made to be ready when such honour should befall them. The exception was Queen Elizabeth, who twice stayed here, although the room dedicated to her was not then finished. The first king to be housed here was Charles I., who slept here with his bride in the first year of his reign when coming from Dover to London, several years after the last Brooke of Cobham had ended his troublesome life. This was in the days of James Stuart, Duke of Lennox, who, when he came to man's estate, pulled down the greater part of the old middle house, and gave Inigo Jones the task of rebuilding it. Here again time and change kept the design from completion. The Parliament's soldiers seized Cobham Hall in 1642, and the great architect died ten years after, leaving his work to be finished at the Restoration. The shield of the Lennox dukes, which tops the western front, is dated 1662.

After this time the masons and their ladders left Cobham Hall for a hundred years, and the building rested until the third Earl of Darnley began to leave his shields and dates upon his alterations of the work of Inigo Jones. His son worked upon the house until 1818, changing the cold delights of the seventeenth century rooms with many devices for that indoor comfort which was beginning to tempt the English to new planning of their old chambers.

With all these changes the impression given by Cobham Hall is that of the Elizabethan house. The middle work of Inigo Jones becomes part of it, and the Wyatt Gothic of 1801, which is apparent in one of our pictures, is a detail which may be happily disregarded. That the Brookes' work had honour in its own day is seen in the fact that William Lord Cobham's son-in-law Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, followed many of its lines when he set about building the even more famous house of Hatfield, which is old Cobham Hall translated to the needs of a high ridge of land.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

THE philosophy of Nature is the only real wisdom and the only guide to Truth. And the true philosopher of Nature is not he who wanders in the labyrinths of science, not he who would explain the formation of the sun and the duration of the world, but he who sees in the beauties around him the hand of their Creator, and looking on them is conscious of his own exceeding insignificance; and yet sometimes is conscious, too, of another purer self, an inner grace that awakens at the glory of a cloud, the colour of a flower. For there are two philosophies of Nature—the material and the divine. The former treats its mistress like a slave, the latter worships her as a saint.

And what profit have the Materialists of their labours? They have wrested Nature's secrets from her, they have benefited mankind! But these secrets are no secrets, only evidence of the littleness of human knowledge, and they have not advanced mankind a step towards that unknown world to which we turn such strained and longing eyes; rather have they shut out the light from those whose sight is dim, and whose reasoning is weak. What have the scientists invented? What have they brought to life? Nothing; they have only put to use that which has existed since the beginning of the world. But the true philosopher of Nature seeks not to profane her mysteries with curious eyes and familiar touch, but comes to her in all reverence and humility if so be that she may raise the veil for a moment from her holy of holies and illuminate his darkness with a ray of light.

For he who would hold communion with the divinity of Nature must come to her in no vain-glorious spirit, but with the faith and trust of a little child. This is the stumbling-block of the Materialists—they have no faith. That which they cannot see they do not believe; their only way to the infinite is through things finite, and finding no way there they deny that there is one.

They would gaze on Immortality with the same dull eyes that see in the clouds of sunset only the reflection of the Sun, on the face of a rose only its name. They cannot grasp the truth in its beauty and simplicity, that the only way to Immortality must be through the soul itself, and that our only knowledge and only vision of it in this world must be according to the strength or weakness of its consciousness within us. And the consciousness of Eternity is Eternity itself, and the mind that thinks eternal things is already with the Everlastings.

Nature is the interpreter between man and his Creator. For Nature is the work of the same Almighty hand that created man, and in the beauty of Nature man sees his soul's reflection. And a worship of Beauty is a worship of Truth, and it is through a worship of the beautiful that we come to a knowledge of the eternal. And this is the true philosophy of Nature—a knowledge and a worship of her beauty. And this beauty will fill a man's heart so full that it will make him deaf and dumb and blind to aught beside. For it will make him poor, as the world counts riches; dull, as the world counts wisdom; and sad, as men count happiness. Yet is it more gorgeous in its splendour than the pomp of Eastern monarchs, and purer in its innocence than the eyes of a new-born babe. It calls him from his dreams in the first still hours of dawn, and leads him through the dewy

fields, and up the paths of morning. For far away, over enchanted hills, the golden sun is rising. The air comes sweet breathing of Paradise. He stands in lone high places. The mists of Morning fall from her beauty like a bride's white veil, as slow she comes across the Eastern heights. The azure spaces fill with living gold, and overhead the pale blue grows intense. And the rapt gazer on this miracle of light and colour falls on his knees amid the dew-sprinkled grasses and receives the baptism of Morning on his brow and her communion in his spirit. It is to him the promise and pledge of that eternal dawn which shall not droop nor die. The glowing hours lead him to leafy stillnesses made cool with running waters. He lies in the languorous arms of noon, and the stream's soft murmurs fill his eyes with dreams. The iron foot of the world falls far away. On such a place Eternity might look with all her angel faces. And the slow Eve comes on. And the dreamer awakes from dreaming, and goes out into the wide wild ways of sunset. There is a sacred silence as though the Earth were expecting a crash of celestial music. And surely far away all the organs of Heaven are sounding. For there is a rapture on the sky that is as the visible hue of harmony woven and interwoven into a thousand changing colours. If the eye were stronger, it would pierce into



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THE EAST GARDEN PORCH.

"C.L."

the very light of Heaven, if the ear were finer it would hear the voices of the Blest, for from the beauty of things seen the soul yearns towards the beauty of things invisible that have grace and unseen loveliness, which are to the outward form as light to darkness. But the soul can never get beyond this faint far consciousness while it looks through mortal eyes. For mortal eyes cannot hope to see Immortality. They can but transmit the beauties of creation to the soul within for the soul to illuminate or obscure them as it is light or dark. And surely it must fill the thoughtful mind with wonder that the Creator should have made Nature the perfect thing it is, and the heart of man so full of imperfections. But that which he has made perfect in Nature he can make perfect in man, and in the glories of earth and sky he shames the heart of its vileness, and points the path of light.

The mind that feeds on lovely thoughts is eating of the bread of Life, and drinking of the fountain of Truth, growing towards that larger sight which shall some day look upon Eternity. For thoughts are but the shadows of things, and that which the mind imagines it shall see. There is nothing wasted in the material world, and can it be that the mind's most lovely thoughts are only empty dreams? No. For there is a spiritual world as well as a material world, and to the few, that which they see is the shadow, and that which they feel, the reality. For Nature is not the Light itself, but a darkened glass through which we see darkly into the light.

And this is Nature's part to those who have eyes to see, and ears to understand. To keep the heart fresh with her freshness, and sweet with her sweetness; to wash it clean with gracious rains, and make it meet with precious perfumes; to crown it with the joy of Morning, and bless it with the peace of Even; to teach it the beauty of innocence and the pathos of purity; to uplift it into Heaven's blue spaces, and waft it past the stars; to imbue it, fill it, steep it with a worship of the beautiful.

For it is good to have gathered something from the world beyond riches, something from life beyond satiety—a golden smile from the eyes of Morning, a breath of Paradise from Spring's bright tresses, a glimpse of Heaven through Sunset's gates. They who grasp the true meaning of Nature, who look deep into her inmost soul, have nothing tangible to give the world—they are mystics, dreamers, visionaries—but from the beauty without they receive the beauty within, and within are sweetness and light.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

A WEEK-END CORNER.

A GLORIOUS morning in summer fills the heart of many a hard-worked Londoner with an intense desire to escape from the din and dust of the metropolis and spend the day of rest somewhere in the heart of the country. The manifold pleasures to be derived from such a change are perhaps most appreciated by those who, having been brought up in the country, are obliged, through force of circumstances, to spend the greater part of their lives in a great city. Sunday is probably the only day that they are free to spend a few hours in the fresh air, but it is often no easy matter to find a suitable locality for such a day's outing within easy reach of London. Should any of our readers find themselves in such a difficulty, we would suggest a visit to a charming part of



OLD WILLOW ON THE COLNE.

Middlesex which, as far as our experience goes, is comparatively little visited. Twenty minutes' run on the best-laid line in England takes one from Paddington to West Drayton Station, a distance of some fifteen miles. As the train slackens speed on nearing the platform, a glance to the right reveals an uninviting-looking collection of modern brick tenements known as Yiewsley, but to the left the prospect is more pleasing, and a walk of a quarter of a mile or so brings one to the little village of West Drayton. This somewhat scattered hamlet is surrounded by fruit gardens, pastures, and cultivated fields, often bordered by rows of fine elms, which emphasise and give character to an otherwise flat landscape. Besides the very old church in which many generations of the ancient family of De Burgh lie buried, the village contains some interesting cottages of considerable antiquity. One in particular, a most picturesque structure of plastered oak and brick, shown in the accompanying photograph, is said to have been erected about the middle of the fifteenth century, in the reign of Henry VI. As might be expected, the proximity of the large fruit gardens, with their attendant gunners,

has sadly reduced the bird-life in the immediate neighbourhood of the village. The common song-birds are comparatively scarce, but the visitor cannot help being struck by the enormous number of swifts and swallows circling over the village, and seldom, if ever, do we remember seeing so many of these birds together on the wing at one time.

Passing on across the village green, where jaded-looking steeds are spending a happy day of idleness, one makes one's way down a country road to a fine old mill on the river Colne. Resting for a while on the edge of the low bridge, you watch with interest a couple of anglers who are spinning for pike in the open water above the ford. If sport is fairly good, you may see a fair-sized fish or two safely landed, and others lost after an exciting struggle. To the south the open country stretches for miles along the valley of the Colne, a river, as it were, divided



W. R. Ogilvie Grant.

OLD MILL AT WEST DRAYTON.

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against itself, the sister streams constantly quarrelling, parting company, and running in separate channels, to unite again lower down, and eventually join the Thames at Staines, distant some six miles. The branches of the stream enclose a number of picturesque little islands clad with pollard willows. One giant tree, more fortunate than its fellows, the sole occupant of a tiny islet below the mill, has escaped the basket-maker's knife, and presents a beautiful picture as one advances towards the wooden foot-bridge. Below this bridge lie some good reaches of water abounding with coarse fish and occasional trout, where an angler of the old school may generally be seen wading and working a fly with unusual skill and success. Thence one may wander on, following the windings of the streams which pass through pleasant fields and meadows, and, having spent a delightful, peaceful day, return to work refreshed.

THE BIG SPATE.

SELDOM have I started out to fish with higher hopes than on August 21st, 1903. It is worth while to tell the story of my disappointment, as it illustrates that subtle instinct which enables fish and the brute creation to foretell the weather, and anticipate a coming storm with an accuracy which puts to shame the barometer, the meteorological department, and the imperfectly clad young lady in the *Daily Graphic*. We were in the third week of our autumn visit to Norway, and after a week's poor sport, in consequence of very fine weather, had at last got a flood on the Tuesday. On Wednesday the water had been far too high and thick for any great prospect of sport, but although I could not see my feet when wading up to my knees, I had succeeded in catching with the fly eighteen sea-trout, of the aggregate weight of 25lb. More rain, wind, and rising water had blighted our hopes on Thursday, but on Friday morning everything was as it should be; the river was high and not too high, clear and not too clear, and the sky bright without sun, and with a few flying clouds, while the deceptive aneroid was rising. I am too old a hand, and have been too often disappointed, to be over-sanguine, as a rule, but I would not have taken fifty pounds in advance for my catch when I had donned my wading trousers and "marsupial pouch" and was driving to Fladva Pool at the head of the water, in company with Ole, my fisherman, who was quite as confident as I was.

A word of explanation may be needed of the nature of a "marsupial pouch." It was so nicknamed by my sons. As the White Knight says in "Alice," "It is an invention of my own." Some of the pools in my river were very wide and shelving, and it was an intolerable nuisance to have to walk out to the shore through the strong water every time I got a trout; I had therefore designed and caused to be constructed in London a pocket of network to button on to the front of my waders, and I found it very useful to deposit a few trout in temporarily, as the water washed through the network without impeding my movements. I commend the idea to my brother anglers, and present it gratis to the numerous tackle-makers who are always on the look-out for novelties. When I arrived at the pool and began to cast, the sky looked all right, and the water was certainly in perfect order; but the first time over was a disappointment, as the whole length of a fine stretch of water, the best for sea-trout in the river, only yielded one small fish of about a pound, and hardly another trout even moved at the fly. The second trial, after a hasty lunch, was only a trifle better, although the one trout I caught, a nice fish of 2½lb., ran so gamely in the strong water that he almost beguiled me into the belief that he was a salmon. "Surely," I thought, "the rise must come soon." Alas! the third time over I did not move a fish, and the fourth and last, which lasted till six o'clock, was very little better; two or three fish had made splashing rises at the fly without touching it.

By this time even my robust faith was shaken, and I abandoned my original design of waiting for a late rise. I had tried every sea-trout fly in my box—little and big—but the only one they had looked at was the dropper, a small Jock Scott, and this although on most days nine fish out of ten are taken on the tail fly, whatever may be its pattern. The same ill-fortune had pursued the other three rods who were out; each of them had hooked one salmon in the course of the day, but not a single fish had been brought to the gaff, while trout had been a complete failure, my son, who was fishing the lower water, never having moved a fin till after lunch. The total bag for four rods on that day of great expectations



W. R. Ogilvie Grant.

A COTTAGE 450 YEARS OLD.

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was a dozen trout averaging about 1lb. each, and one small grilse I had caught near the house early in the morning. The heavy clouds were gathering in the west and rolling up the valley when we started on our homeward journey, but it required no ocular demonstration to convince me that we were in for a big thing in the way of storms. When trout fail to rise under conditions of wind, water, and sky that are apparently perfect, you may be quite certain that thunder or heavy rain is imminent. The storm began just as we reached home, and as we smoked our last pipes before turning in we could still hear the rain pattering against the smoking-room window.

Before morning I had discovered why Noah, before the art of caulking decks had reached its present perfection, built his ark of a shape apparently exceedingly inconvenient and unseaworthy, and covered the roof with tiles. I was sleeping very soundly after the day's exertions, when in the dead of night—to be accurate, it was three o'clock in the morning—a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I awoke with a start. It was not burglars or ghosts; it was only my wife, who had been aroused by a stream of water suddenly descending upon her face and pillow. In less than a minute afterwards a similar cascade was pouring down upon my face, and I shouted for a basin, which was handed to me and afforded some temporary protection. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me, even in my semi-somnolent condition, that I could not go to sleep holding a basin over my face, and that some better expedient must be devised to secure a dry night's rest. Evidently the pillows were in a position of danger, and our first idea, good as far as it went, was to push the bed a little farther into the room, and transpose our heads to the position in which our feet had been. But when we had moved the bolster, and pushed the heavy piece of furniture nearly into the centre of the room, we found that we had only got under another leak in the roof, and that more streams were pouring down upon us. At this point, and only just in time, we bethought ourselves of the perilous position of the clothes we had taken off, and took steps to remove them into a place of safety. All this time we could hear perfect torrents of water splashing down upon the roof and dashing against the windows, and two or three loud peals of thunder indicated that the tempest included an electrical as well as an atmospherical disturbance. I had been dead sleepy at first, but was just beginning to awake to the position, and fortunately a saving sense of humour came to the rescue, and relieved me of any further thought of the discomforts of my rude awakening. The comical aspect of affairs struck me, and I began to laugh aloud, and for the rest of my waking moments absolute and intense amusement, to the exclusion of any feeling of annoyance, was my predominant sensation. Baths, basins, and jugs were placed under the most prominent leaks; some of the largest pools of water were mopped up with sponges and towels, and we began to consider what was best to be done for the remainder of the night. Evidently the outside gutters were either stopped up or were unequal to carrying away so great a volume of water; but the suggestion of arousing some of the servants and sending them out on the roof was made only to be rejected. Common humanity revolted against the idea, and while the deluge lasted the effect of any remedial measures could be only temporary. Then my wife suggested that we should go down stairs and

camp in the drawing-room, but I moved an amendment that we should take off our sheets and sleep in the blankets. I had heard the most dreadful accounts of the dangers of sleeping in damp sheets, and I fancy that there were some glimmerings of common-sense in my idea. As I set to work to remove the linen, my wife remembered that there was a small camp-bed in my dressing-room, and, going on a voyage of discovery, found that it was in a dry place, and took refuge there for the remainder of the night, while I adopted my plan of rolling myself up in the blankets. For a time I lay there chuckling, and as I heard the drip, drip of the water into a hip bath, I thought of some old story I had read of a form of torture by letting a drop of water fall from a height on to the forehead of a criminal or suspect. Soon the sound becoming merged in my dreams, I lost all consciousness, and slept soundly until the housemaid came to call me in the morning, and was surprised to find me alone, and all the furniture in confusion. Fortunately, although the roof leaked in many places, no others of the party had quite shared our experience of being washed out of bed.

Although some rain had fallen all through the night, the tropical deluge had been only temporary, but I did not hurry to get up; I felt pretty sure that, for the first time in my Norwegian experiences, fishing would be impossible all day, even in the shallows and back-waters; so, contrary to my custom, I was content to be the last at the breakfast-table. It must not be supposed that we cast any reflection on the solidity of our comfortable house. The roof, like that of most buildings in Norway, was constructed of birch bark, spread over planks and covered with turf, on which the grass grew luxuriantly, giving it a curious unshaven appearance. The year before, after the long drought, we had been told to expect some leakage if rain came, from the natural contraction of the timber caused by the heat of the sun, but this autumn there had certainly been sufficient wet to obviate any risk of that description. The cause of our ducking was the extraordinary, almost unprecedented, volume of water which fell in a short time, and which no ordinary gutter could carry away. I have little doubt that our discomfort was

shared by the inmates of most of the farms and villages in the district. My first waking thought was one of thankfulness that the big spate had come on a Saturday, and that there were forty-eight hours for the river to fall and clear before the next "lawful" fishing day, and that the Scotch gillies' complaint that the best fishing days were "aye seekit up by the Sabbath" could not be reasonably urged against the clerk of the weather. That morning the magnificent river was indeed a sight to gaze upon with wonder and admiration; the swollen torrent dashed against the stone piers of the cast-iron bridge with a violence which made us thankful that they were substantially and solidly constructed. The main stream extended itself over every back-water and covered every shingle-bed, and the top of one solitary bush alone indicated the considerable island that is usually visible from our garden. The torrent swept over bushes, and halfway up the stems of alders and larches, and the fishing platform at Stran Pool, usually many feet above the surface, was completely submerged; for more than a mile above the house the whole river was a foaming mass of white water, while at the bend above Kongen Pool it had spread itself out into a temporary lake. Down the sides of the mountains, whose tops were white with freshly fallen snow, hundreds—I might almost say thousands—of miniature cataracts dashed down the scarred channels, while the seven or eight permanent cascades fed by glaciers or snowfields were swollen into large and conspicuous waterfalls. Of course, I immediately set to work to put marks by which to ascertain the rise and fall of the water, and found that, although hardly any rain fell after the morning, the river continued to wax until after two o'clock, when only a few inches of the bough, nearly 4ft. long, I had stuck into the grass at high-water mark after breakfast were visible above the grey water. My fishermen had been out all night looking after the boats, and had succeeded in dragging all up high and dry; it was fortunate that they had done so, for otherwise, doubtless, all would have been washed away, as no ordinary chains could have resisted the force of the current. Now I knew why the fish would not rise on Friday.

A. E. G. H.

SUSSEX CATTLE AT BIRLING MANOR.



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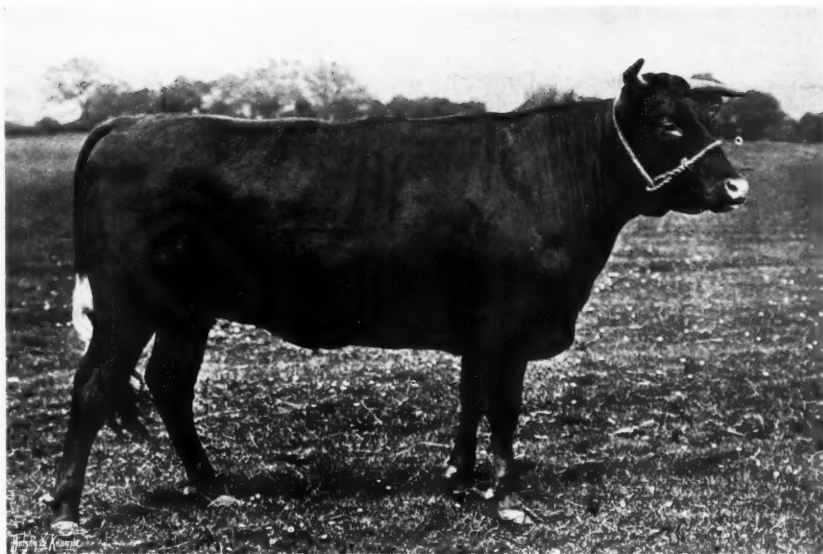
INSIDE THE FARMSTEAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE pleasant demesne of Birling is situated on the southern slope of the North Downs between Chatham and Wrotham in North Kent. The old manor house, now called Birling Place, and formerly Comfort Lodge or Place, used to be in old days the abode of the Lords Bergavenny, and in their time was visited by Queen Elizabeth in one of her frequent peregrinations. The property is hereditary, and the house and adjoining land are still retained as part of the estate of the Marquess of Abergavenny, and not farmed by the

Hon. Ralph P. Nevill as the neighbouring farms are. Birling Manor, Mr. Nevill's house, is of modern origin, having been built by the late Marquess of Abergavenny as late as 1838. It is pleasantly situated on an eminence overlooking the valley of the Medway. The land is characteristic of the district, that is to say, it gives on the downs a permanent pasture extremely suitable to grazing Down sheep, and at the foot of the hills the clay and chalk meet at an elevation of about 500ft., and are cultivated in the usual way.

Near the manors of Birling and the Home Farm the land becomes richer and the soil of a sandy loam. Here organic matter has accumulated for long ages, and doubtless the Medway often flooded these low-lying lands, for they are only 50ft. above the sea level. These soils are black, and in the dry summer they grow good and luxuriant pastures, in which the Sussex cattle revel and lay on flesh. The estate has been under the management of Mr. William Rust, the Hon. R. P. Nevill's land steward, for thirty-three years. It is an excellent place in which to study this famous breed of cattle, the history of which is one of the most interesting in agriculture. Those whose memories carry them back to the first half of the nineteenth century will recall the picturesque sight of seven or eight pairs of large powerful red oxen with fine wide horns drawing heavy loads of timber or farm produce in various parts of Sussex. Even within the last decade four or five pairs of these magnificent cattle were to be seen ploughing on the Downs near Lewes. Mr. William Housman gives the following description of these draught oxen: "The speed, labour-power, and endurance of the working Sussex oxen were remarkable. Those of the lighter-framed, more active, and, according to tradition, the purer breed, could almost



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BIRLING CHICKWEED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

colour. Their great weight and massive, beefy bodies make them a profitable breed for farmers.

The difference in breeding may be put in a nutshell. The old breeders, wanting for the most part to obtain beasts of burden, chose their stock on account of size, bone, and muscle, while the new breeder selects dam and sire mostly in order to get beef. Yet even under the ancient conditions meat was not neglected, for it was customary, after having used the animals at the plough for a certain time, to fatten them for the butcher, and the prudent farmer always had one eye on this object. As we have said before, the herd at Birling is an excellent one from which to study the characteristics of the breed. Lord Comp, whose portrait is reproduced herewith, won the championship at the Royal Counties Show. In 1803 this bull won championship honours wherever he was exhibited, and his progeny inherit most of his characteristics.

The cow, Old Mayflower 8th, is a truly representative animal, and was very successful in the showyard in 1902, when she was placed first at Tunbridge Wells, where the largest class of Sussex cattle invariably meet. This year she has a grand dark bull calf at her side by Lord Comp, which should again assist in placing her at the head of her class. The merits of these animals go to show what excellent pasture is yielded by the black boggy soil after it has been thoroughly drained. They also reflect credit on Mr. Nevill, who, although he has made agriculture a



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LORD COMP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rival horses in the amount of daily work, and perhaps often beat them at dead pulls. Some teams had been known to travel fifteen miles a day, drawing heavy loads without distress, week after week; and, as a proof of speed, a Sussex ox ran the Lewes race-course, four miles, in sixteen minutes. Harnessed like horses they obeyed the rein just as readily as horses. Old oxen that had worked their full time, whilst they did not fatten as well as younger and less hard-worked animals, often made great weights, sometimes up to 2 tons."

Such were the animals at labour. Arthur Young described their characteristics, and his description holds as good now as ever it did: "The true cow has a deep red colour, the hair fine, and the skin mellow, thin, and soft; a small head, a fine horn, thin, clear, and transparent, which should run out horizontally and afterwards turn up at the tips; the neck very thin and clean made, and straight top and bottom, with round springing ribs, thick chine; loin, hips, and rump wide; shoulder flat, legs rather short, carcass large; the tail should be level with the rump; a ridged backbone."

This fine breed are larger than the Devons—for they were used upon the stiff Wealden Clays of Sussex, instead of the lighter soils of Devon—but, like them, are typified by symmetry of build and an invariable dark red



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ELLEN OF BIRLING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hobby for many years, did not include Sussex cattle among his fancies until, after forty years' arduous work as Master of the West Kent Foxhounds, he found that he needed some quiet interest in the active pursuits of a country gentleman.

A small herd was already grazing on his home farm, and he soon added to its value by judicious purchases from W. S. Forster of Gore Court, near Maidstone, Alfred Agate of Horsham, George White of Hunton, Major Best of Boxley, Dampier Palmer of Heronden, etc. These purchases formed a good basis for breeding in the female line, and with them was successfully used Gladsome Prince, 1,370, a grand bull purchased from the Earl of Derby at the Hayward's Heath sale in 1896. This bull was shown during the summer of 1897, being placed first and champion at Tunbridge Wells, while in the next year he gained first successively at Birmingham (R.A.S.E.), Brighton (Sussex County), and Tunbridge Wells.

His successor as sire of the herd was Confidence II., 1,630, a bull bred at Birling Manor from Lady Lyne, 4,507, a cow which Mr. Nevill had purchased from Mr. W. S. Forster. This bull was even more successful in the show-yard than his predecessor, gaining prizes wherever shown, notably



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MAYFLY LORD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Tunbridge Wells, first Sussex County Show at Eastbourne, and again in 1901 he gained first and champion at Cardiff



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IN THE HOME MEADOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in 1899, when he was awarded second at Maidstone (R.A.S.E.), first and reserve for champion at Windsor (R.C.S.S.), first at

(R.A.S.E.), and first and champion at Croydon (B. and W.E.). His successor, Lord Comp, has already been noticed, and is now being largely used in the herd.



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GOING HOME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It is interesting to note that the representatives of the Transvaal Government who, in the spring of 1903, were selecting typical cattle from the British herds, purchased from this herd a young bull and three heifers by Lord Comp, these being all that Mr. Nevill could then spare. These gentlemen were extremely pleased with the herd, and considered that the Sussex cattle would be especially appreciated by the Boers, as well as by the British emigrants to the Transvaal. Our imaginations may well travel back to the time of our using labour oxen, for our colonial brethren may very probably be using again the grand red Sussex oxen as trek oxen in the South African colony. In this case it is reverting to its first purpose, and, perhaps, we may hope it will be developed into the farm cow of South Africa.

IN TOWN.

I AGREE with myself that after years of absence from "the world" it will not do to trust a few weeks' observation of the changes which everybody in it seems to think "too awful," though without feeling much personal suffering in consequence, apparently. And so I go about everywhere, busy as any *mondaine* over sixty that can be found within a mile of Hyde Park Corner, quite given up to the gaieties of the season, as I am laughingly told, but allowing myself to make no remarks about them to my evidently expectant family and friends. And yet, for a reason which is entirely respectable, I find it hard to sustain the accumulation of silence which every day adds something to. With other people it may be different; but as for me, I am never quite sure of what I think, never get it pinned down to be properly trimmed off and freed from ragged edges, till it is put into words: best of all in written words. That is a good reason for keeping up a *journal intime*, to say nothing of the relief of a disburdened mind, even though it be to the winds, and nothing of the exercise that conscience is put to in writing a diary of that kind.

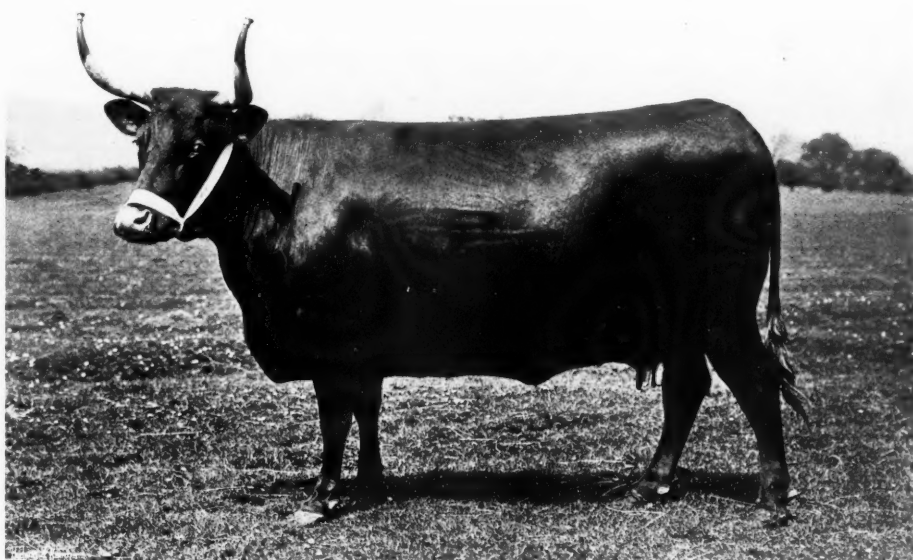
Not to a soul would I say things that I confide to my poor journal rather than be altogether secret with them, or without courage enough to put them on paper where they can stare back at me as soon as written down. Oh yes, I know what I mean by that very well, and should know had I not been taught by the hand that gave me this journal-book in which I am writing now. It was the hand of an artist—poor lad!—who made a frontispiece for the book; and what should this frontispiece be but a picture of myself—a young woman then—standing before a mirror. I stand there looking with fixed eyes, plainly enquiring of my own reflected face, "What are you really?" But, my back being turned almost completely to the spectator, it is the reflection of this look alone that is seen. And therefore it is as if a second and perhaps an injured and doubting self, escaped and holding off at a little distance, asked of me with those keenly anxious eyes, "What are you?" Now I call that a beautiful idea for the frontispiece of such a journal; for again and again, as I have said, the written lines with their reflection of thought or feeling stare back as do the reflected eyes in my picture, and to the same effect.

It is no alarming confession, however, that a first fortnight in this worldly "paradise regained" called Town is a lesson in its fascinations. A lover of the country above everything, I am obliged to say that I understand these fascinations, being not so virtuous, I find, but that there moves in me a feeling heart for the many dear good folk of both sexes whose delights must have a seasoning of fever to be satisfying. Given the bright days which are the promise of every June month in England, where can a greater multiplicity of pleasures be found in a wider scene of luxury and leisure? There was something like it in my young days, but in no such setting as the view, west, north, and south, from Apsley House to-day. At that time the London of Society was brilliant enough within doors, no doubt. Its much fewer denizens had more of distinction (perhaps I should say distinctiveness) then than now, and I fancy that their closer association gave them a larger share of the advantage that we read of in Proverbs: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." But the outdoor aspect of Town was very different. The look and the outlook of it when I wore Leghorn hats and blue sashes was narrowness and gloom compared with what we see about us now. There are streets in Mayfair—Hertford Street, for one—which recall what all that region was in its exterior dulness and dinginess. Now the whole area has opened out, taking more light from clearer spaces, trimmer gardens, cheerier habitations all with their windows clean. In my remembrance the fashionable world might go as it pleased and do what it

would, but yet in a week of fine days you would not see as much freshness and brightness in outdoor life, such thronging gaiety of movement and colour, as now you may on any summer afternoon from Hyde Park Corner. But to view it is not to be of it; and whatever your own feelings, you have only to look about you from a chair in the Row to understand that to be *in* the scene is sometimes to be most conscious of being out of it. Where there is much wealth that must be a more biting consciousness than where there is none; and who should be surprised that mortal woman, or even that scarcely less mortal man, should long to be a known and named star in that bright throng, and resolve to shine in it at any cost of pains and provender? Why not, since the walls that kept money out are all down? So in it comes—in floods: a fertiliser of so much else besides beauty and taste that for my part I could wish the man in without the money.

What money may be "in the City" of course I do not know; but yet I am perfectly sure that there can be little more thought about it at that end of Town than there is at this. Sir Joshua Hummock, who is a banker and deep in every sort of knowledge, tells me that in what he calls "great business" there is more interest in the game than the gain. It is not so with us. Here there is no such game, unless it be cards, and I already make out that the more serious and secret pre-occupation of most people in these parts is the prodigiousness of what is spent, is being spent, and must be spent. It is so in my own family, I find; and to judge from much of the conversation that meets my ears, the question for one's self ever is, "How to

manage it?" and as to one's neighbours, "How is it done?" Now I lately made acquaintance with an American lady, married here and a very nice woman too, who says that it can't be done for long at this rate. "You are a pretty rich people," she says, "but you can't do things for ever on the American scale unless your young men take hold of business as our young men do, and unless a much greater number of them go into it with their collars off." I suppose it would be worth while. But would it be a better plan



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SUSSEX CATTLE: OLD MAYFLOWER 8th.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

than *not* doing things so much on the American scale—better than setting a limit to emulation in expenditure?

And, indeed, I do hear, in the little confidential talks of ladies, that the young people are a far greater charge than we ourselves were to our parents or than our brothers were. This is a matter of sore complaint, but not so much as to the boys as the girls. And though I see well enough that there is truth in it, yet I listen as a person somewhat hard of hearing; which I do partly because I am only an aunt—or, as I should prefer to say, an aunt only—partly because I forget not, when the young ladies are discussed, that I belong to a generation of their sex which may be considered "unawakened," as the Japanese of the same period were. Not only am I able to agree with the mothers that "a really nice boy" is the most perfect product of human nature, but I should say from what I have seen in this short time that there are many such in the opening flowers of the schools and the cricket-field. And of one thing I am quite sure: say what she may, the American lady thinks so too, though she is right in remembering that few of these unsurpassably nice boys (and still less the others) spontaneously lay themselves out to swell the family fortunes. Some of the most charming have evidently no idea of studious work but for self-refinement and adornment, and nearly all the others, when they work at all, choose employment and professions where knowledge may be gained and credit won, without much regard to independence of allowances from home or to relieving their friends of the duty of providing testamentary bequests. What fathers may think of that in these times of strenuous luxury I do not know, but the mothers make no serious complaint of it, and I believe would not like their sons to go headlong into groceries or hardware, or

anything of the kind, with their collars off—the only way, however, of making the great trade fortunes which are alone *convenable*.

Let us pass, then, from the sons to the daughters, where—I confess it—I am not so comfortably at home. But that is very much because the mothers say the same thing—most of them, I mean; no, perhaps not most, but a great deal too many. "Less manageable after school than the boys nowadays." Their wants, their claims, their restlessness, their self-assertion, their hitherto unheard-of expectations in the way of dress and amusements—rumour of all this had come down to me in Berkshire; how much of it I now hear at first hand! And I do begin to think, against my will, that there is a good deal of truth in it. Indeed it is plain to be seen; but though sorry at heart, I don't quite feel at liberty to scold at an "awakening" which has some visible good in it, and may only be an Americanisation begun with the wrong sex. And not to say more at this time of writing, I don't think the mothers should be so much surprised. It was not for their daughters that the Carlton was built, that Prince's was established. Paquin had made his fortune, I understand, before these young women had left the schoolroom, and the more public life which brings about so much extravagant competition and display was in full swing when they were in pinafores. And so there!

CARP-FISHING AT DAWN.

THE softest possible aroma from flowering hawthorn thickets beyond the lake, and the faintest trill from a nightingale singing there as softly as though half asleep, greeted my senses as I picked a way one May morning down to the water's edge, intent on landing a big carp before the sun was well above the horizon. For your carp is a fish by himself. He is not to be angled for in such manner as is good enough for the generality of finny things. He was old in the world before the upstart man was evolved out of remote centuries, and a few hundred thousand years of meditation under the water-lily leaves has developed his brain to a phenomenal extent. Consequently, the fisherman covets him by reason of his very exclusiveness, imagining in his spare hours all manner of strange devices for his capture, and rising these summer mornings before even the swallows have twittered the better to circumvent him.

The morning in question was about an hour old as I got down to the edge of the water, and the rosy lavender light of coming sunrise was only just sufficient to enable me to get my rod together and very silently thread the fine line through the rings as I stood on the reedy margin, safely screened by an old willow stem. The bait was a red worm—the reddest that ever came from farmyard—and the hook painted to match, lest any glitter of iron at a bare spot upon it might warn the keen-eyed carp of the unwholesomeness of the meal it carried. Eighteen inches above hook and worm the gut passed through the pith of a piece of elder stick, left in artistic roughness to serve as a float. By the time this was ready the low sunlight was creeping in golden fingers over the pastures, and lighting up the eastern side of the coppices as though they were facing a conflagration. At the same moment a most dainty little breeze, full of May scents, touched the surface of the water, and, taking advantage of the ripples, I threw out the bait as lightly as might be to an open place about a dozen yards from shore, where fish had been playing yesterday, and softly putting the rod down, waited for developments.

How still it was! My own coming had not made so much noise as the breaking of a twig, and even that drowsy

nightingale yonder had relapsed into silence after a note or two. But presently, as the day brightened, a flock of rooks streamed by high overhead, inkily cawing as they went straight for the meadows where they had supped last night. Then a coot croaked in the reeds, and a blackbird burst from the hawthorn, where it had been sleeping, and went flitting down the woodside with an aggressive, chuckling cry. This was too much for the rest of the birds. The nightingale broke out suddenly in the middle of a bar of delightful melody, as though to prove he had been living up to his traditional reputation of eternal wakefulness. A thrush overhead wiped his beak on a branch, and intimated that if the singer on the further shore was awake, he was, too; a flight of sand-martins, evolved out of nothing, commenced to twitter and hawk for flies about the surface of the water, and so, one by one, the birds roused, till the whole green amphitheatre about the lake was alive and noisy with their pleasant voices.

Meanwhile, nothing had happened to those zin. of elder stick of mine. They still floated idly where I had thrown them, veering round like a compass needle from time to time, but making no sign of a fish below. What did it matter? I could wait. Had I not fished here once for a whole fortnight, stealing spectral to the edge each morning, and going cheerful home to breakfast three hours later with never a single bite in all those fourteen days? Waiting is the fisherman's pleasure, a delightful privilege on such a morning as this, and as the sunshine crept higher and higher I cautiously filled a pipe, where no watchful carp could see me, and looking, first at the float, and then at the white snow on the hawthorns brightening in the sun's eye in dazzling silver against the black shadows of the woods; then from the float again to where a moorhen was circumnavigating the reed-beds with an imp-like flotilla of little ones behind her; and so on, until presently I looked down the line again, and the float was gone! It came to the surface, 2ft. away, in a moment, and I struck gently, but firmly; a heave in the shallow water, and the mighty splash of a big tail, telling me that this morning, at all events, was not to be a blank. Three or four minutes' exciting play, for the tackle was very fine, and the fish heavy, and then a 7lb. carp came slowly rolling and wallowing into reach of the landing-net, and was safely got upon the grass, a huge golden-scaled beast, with amber eyes and leather fins, fit to make any angler proud of himself and his rod.

Again the red "brandling" spun out amongst the water-lilies, and a shorter wait this time brought a bite and another big fish to bank. Another and another followed, until the glittering row on shore began to look formidable, and the work to lose its keenness in the monotonous repetition of identical incidents. That, indeed, is the one drawback to the carp as a sporting fish. His charm lies in his coyness; once the barrier is broken down he becomes disappointing. Too patient to readily desert a spot where he has once been found, too gross to make a fight at all comparable to his bulk, his hold is all upon the imagination. Therefore the wise angler, when he has smoked out his second pipe and caught his three or four specimen fish, will turn lightly homewards, eschewing further conquests, and only remembering the delights of the sunrise, the golden silence of dawn, and the pleasure of many disappointments retrieved in a brilliant half-hour.

E. L. A.

RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

FOR the last two years the Richmond Horse Show has not been favoured by the clerk of the weather, and some superstitious people were inclined to take a gloomy view of the prospects this year, which happens to be the thirteenth anniversary of the show. These forebodings, however, were entirely falsified; the weather was not brilliant on Friday and Saturday last, but the rain held off, and the attendance was as good as ever. The Duke of Teck, who is president of the society, was unfortunately unable to be there, as he is at present in Vienna, but Prince Alexander of Teck arrived in a motor-car on Saturday afternoon, and the Royal box was occupied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, who were attended by Colonel Colborne. Large crowds of the general public were present on both days, for there is a great temptation to forsake the hot, dusty streets of London to enjoy a few hours in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, where are assembled practically the pick of the harness and riding horses in the kingdom. A better ground for such a show could not be found, for the fine old trees of the ancient royal park form an appropriate background for the



W. A. Kouch.

MRS. HARTLEY BATT'S DIPLOMACY.

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W. A. Rouch.

JUDGING PAIRS.

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beautiful animals showing themselves to the best advantage before thousands of critical eyes. Personally, the writer thinks that a horse, when he once gets used to the unwonted excitement of the ring, is perfectly conscious that he is on trial, and bears himself accordingly. It may be only the unusual surroundings, or rivalry, that induce him to step out and show his best actions, but on these occasions a horse always seems to know that something is expected of him, and generally responds. Of course there are exceptions—some turn sulky and others get nervous. Indeed, on Friday last there was a very pronounced example of the latter case, when Mr. F. Ambridge's black gelding, Malden Lad, fairly took the bit between his teeth and ran away; after careering round the ring two or three times his driver managed to get him under control, greatly to the relief of many of the spectators, for the incident might have led to a nasty accident.

Where such a number of magnificent horses are competing the judges have no easy task, and there are certain to be a few interested individuals whose loud protests raise a doubt in the mind of the impartial spectator as to the awards of merit; but at Richmond the majority of experts were of opinion that the judges had performed their arduous duty with the utmost fairness and skill. Lord Southampton and Lord Willoughby de Broke selected the prize-winners among the hunters, a class which is always well to the fore at Richmond. Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, Master of the Bicester, assisted Mr. H. Owen of Melton Mowbray to dispose of the hacks. The harness horses were dealt with by Sir Gilbert Greenall and Mr. T. Mitchell, and Lord Alfred Fitzroy and Mr. Romer Williams took in hand the jumpers. Mr. T. F. Dale judged the polo ponies, and we noticed that he, not

of his looks, but has some slight notion of what he is capable of doing, and whether he is likely to prove efficient in the field of labour for which he is intended.

This year there were 300 animals entered for the show, but this by no means represents the number of competitions,



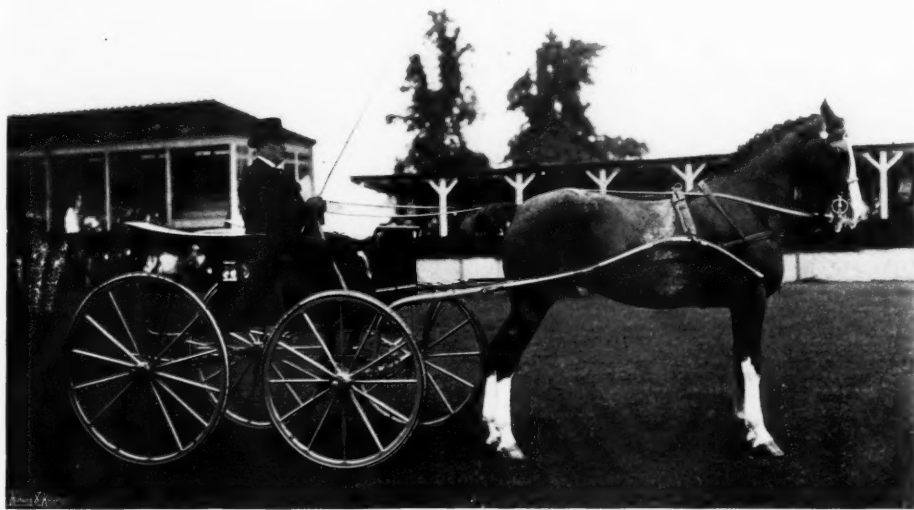
W. A. Rouch.

PICK 'EM UP.

Copyright

for there were 500 entries all told, and perhaps this is one of the best illustrations of the difficulties of those who take in hand the management of such an exhibition. The same horses are found winning in half-a-dozen classes, and, unfortunately, they appear year after year. The difficulty is to devise some means whereby the horses who have won

time and again can be handicapped so as to give the younger ones a chance. We want certainly to see the very best horses in existence at such a show, but, after all, the real object of these exhibitions is to encourage the breeding of horses, and it must be obvious that if a breeder's best stock is placed out of court year after year by the same three or four cracks, he is likely to become disheartened. This, unfortunately, applies to all our big shows in a greater or less degree, but to hacks and hunters more than to any other form of stock, for the fat bullock cannot be kept up to show form for very long, and the stallion after a year or two at stud loses much of his fine looks; but the harness horse and the hunter, unless overworked, are fit for the judge's inspection many years after they would be past their prime if they had been worked in the ordinary way. This criticism, however, is of shows in general, and it is not the writer's intention to suggest for a



Rouch.

POLLY STEWART, WINNER OF THE CHALLENGE CUP.

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W. A. Rouch.

EARWIG.

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moment that the authorities at Richmond are greater defaulters than any other body of men who take such affairs under their charge; in fact, it would be very difficult to find a similar undertaking which is better managed, or one where things run more smoothly.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW.

THE Royal Counties Show at Guildford was an unqualified success, and it may be useful to put on record the names of the more important winners. As usual, the show of Hampshire Downs was a very good one. Mr. Cary Coles was first in the shearling ram class. In the old ram class, Mr. H. C. Stephens was an easy first. Mr. Flowers and Mr. Buxton divided the honours in the ewe classes. In Southdowns the Duke of Northumberland won in the shearling ram class, while Mr. Edward Ellis was first in the old ram class. Mr. J. Colman and Mr. Brassey were first in the ewe and lamb classes. Shire horses were good, both in number and in quality. Sir P. A. Muntz's Dunsmore Luck was first in the class for three or four year old stallions. Mr. Max Michaelis had the best two year old colt in Starborough Coronation. The brood mares were a strong class, in which the premier honour went to Miss Alice de Rothschild for Lilac, a correct bay, by Markeaton Royal Harold. The winning three year old filly was Mr. Sterne's Rickford Empress. In two year olds Sir Alexander Henderson took the first prize with Dunsmore Royal Heiress. In the class provided for mares without foals Mr. R. W. Hudson was first with Tatton Tapestry. In shorthorns the King won first prize with his red bull Ronald. Lord Calthorpe brought forward a new competitor in Elvetham Conqueror, a son of Bapton Glory, which easily carried off the first prize and was reserve champion. In cows Mr. Deane Willis's White Heather once more



Copyright TYPICAL HEADS: A JERSEY BULL. "C.L."

beat Lord Calthorpe's Warrior Queen. The King secured the first prize for three year old heifers with Sylph. Mr. R. W. Hudson beat Mr. Cridlan in the bull class for Aberdeen-Angus. Mr. R. P. Nevill carried off the highest honours in the Sussex. The King in Herefords won once more with his unconquerable Fire King. In Jerseys Mrs. Mackintosh, the Marquess of Winchester, and Mr. Miller Hallett did very well, while Lord Rothschild was well to the front with cows. The championship for Berkshire pigs went to Mr. N. Benjamin's Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Sanders Spencer won the leading prizes for white pigs, and Mr. H. C. Stephens carried all before him in Tamworths.

CHARLOCK.

The writer having occasion to be in a remote corner of Oxfordshire, took the opportunity of walking along some of the byways. It is a pretty time of the year, and a fascinating country-side. The hawthorn has not yet faded from the hedgerows, while the commons are still ablaze with gorse and bloom. The first wild roses are coming out by the wayside, and millions of small flowers and weeds are blowing; but what was most striking was the acre upon acre of cereal crops that were yellow with wild mustard or charlock. It adds greatly to the beauty of the scenery, but reflects discredit on the farmer. It either means that the farmers are short of capital or that they do not keep up with the times. Those weeds could all have been removed early in the year by the spraying process, and it would almost be profitable to turn the hands into the fields now to pluck the plants up by the roots while they are still in flower and before they have had time to seed. Such huge quantities of



Copyright TYPICAL HEADS: A JERSEY COW. "C.L."

wild mustard must be most detrimental to the grain crop amid which they appear.

OBITUARY.

This week several deaths have to be recorded of men who were prominent in the agricultural world. Lord Bridport half a century ago had much to do with the management of the Royal Farms at Windsor, and it was largely due to him that the herds were established. He was president of the Royal Agricultural Society at the Taunton Meeting in 1875. In 1860 he was elected a vice-president of the Smithfield Club, and was president in 1867. In the shorthorn world the sudden death of Mr. W. S. Marr, Uppermill, Aberdeenshire, has created something like consternation. He was a very great breeder of shorthorns.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOLDEN EAGLES DECORATING THEIR NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the extremely interesting article on the golden eagles' nests contributed to COUNTRY LIFE, with the beautiful photographs illustrating it, by Mr. Seton P. Gordon, I see one or two remarks as to which, perhaps, I may be allowed to add a word or two. Mr. Gordon says that in an eagle's nest on a cliff, not very far from the other one, "were several green pine shoots, and, strange to say, a large india-rubber ring which the eagles had taken to adorn their home." That an eagle should indulge in a taste for "art (of a kind) in the home" sounds most curious. Yet there is abundant evidence that golden eagles have a taste for decoration. A correspondent of (I think) the *Zoologist*, writing from a part of California where golden eagles were plentiful, gave a detailed account of the habits of several pairs, all of which built in rather low trees, and whose habits were watched year after year. The pair decorated their nests with sacks. On two or three occasions they were found to have carried a sack there. A similar habit was common

enough among the kites, and well known when they bred in England. "When kites build look out for lesser linen," says Shakespeare, alluding to their robberies from the hedges where linen was put to dry. Another of the Californian eagles twice decorated its nest with a piece of soap root. The late Mr. Booth, in his "Rough Notes," described a kind of bower made by some eagles in Scotland. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Seton Gordon saw the eagles carrying food to their nest, and whether they ever carried anything larger than a blue hare? I very much doubt if they do. If they manage to destroy a weakly deer calf or roe fawn, I imagine they tear it up and eat what they can on the ground. It would, perhaps, be possible to try the lifting power of an eagle by laying a dead hare, with a bag of shot attached, to bring it up to about 10lb. or 12lb., the hare weighing about 6½lb. itself. If they could carry 12lb. they could carry a small lamb, or even the legendary "long-clothes baby"—I believe about 7lb. is a good average for a new-born child. I may add that I am only enquiring as to the possible, not the probable or actual. When the recent circumstantial story about the Highland baby was circulated, I wired my doubts to the station-master at Invershin, and received the prompt reply, as I expected, "No foundation. Story a hoax."—C. J. CORNISH.

SOARING BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent number of an American contemporary I read an article on soaring-flight, headed "The problem of the soaring bird! Who will solve it?" Now, I think this problem was solved many years ago by Lord Rayleigh, though until recently I suspected an oversight on his part. The supposed oversight I now regard as a thorough misconception of my own—namely, that kinetic energy relatively to the earth can be utilised for soaring independently of kinetic energy relatively to the air. The contrary assumption that kinetic energy relatively to the air is alone available for soaring I consider to be correct, and on this assumption Lord Rayleigh's theory indicating that continuous soaring requires for its performance a wind of velocity that increases with the altitude is the only explanation consistent with the admitted principles of mechanical science. Moreover, inasmuch as continuous soaring is practised by most of the larger birds, to a greater or less extent, throughout the globe, the inference is that increase of wind velocity with the altitude obtains everywhere. With the great vultures and with albatrosses soaring is the ordinary mode of flight, and, moreover, albatrosses are the only birds capable of soaring in a gale. By other birds of widely different groups soaring appears to be practised occasionally as a sport, and some of these birds soar quite as well as do the great vultures. I will only mention a species of pelican found in Assam, the so-called wood ibis, a species of stork inhabiting North America, and the "screamers" of South America. I do not know of any bird in Northern Europe that is really a first-class performer in soaring. The golden eagle is decidedly inferior to the great vultures, and gulls, though they soar well, do not soar for very long intervals of time. I have heard, however, that gannets soar well in a very stiff breeze, but have never had the occasion to observe them under these conditions. In a moderate breeze they only soar for brief intervals. I have wished to call attention to Lord Rayleigh's theory of soaring flight, as it is not difficult to understand even for persons who, like myself, have only a slight knowledge of mechanics, and various allusions to the subject that appear from time to time in the Press show that a large number of persons are interested in it.—HORATIO S. GREENOUGH.

P.S.—Since writing the above I read in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE that the golden eagle is able to soar dead against a gale. In my letter of yesterday I stated that albatrosses are alone capable of soaring in a gale; but it would appear that the authors I have consulted are mistaken. I myself have never had the occasion to observe continuous soaring in a gale, but only in moderate breezes.

THE KINGFISHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your photographs and "F. P.'s" letter on above in your last issue were exceedingly interesting. It is a pity "F. P." did not describe how such charming pictures were obtained, having regard to the position of this bird's nest. Any nests the writer has been lucky enough to find were not less than 2ft. from the entrance. Perhaps your correspondent will be good enough to gratify the curiosity of the naturalist photographer. To the youthful egg-collector the kingfisher's nest is considered rare, but to the experienced ornithologist not so. The writer, when angling on the Lifsey in Kildare, early in May, noticed a pair feeding in a watery ditch, and later in the day saw the lovely vision of blue and orange flying along the river. Notwithstanding the shyness of the bird, I observed one on the river Dodder, near Dublin, in April, and a place much frequented by the public, swimming dogs, and children wading with nets for minnow. Very early in the morning is undoubtedly the best time to see this fine bird, and with binoculars one can watch her, and thus work up till you find her nest.—A. R.

JAY PREYING ON FOUR BLACKBIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On June 9th I was insect-hunting in a big wood in the north of Sussex, when I heard a tremendous avine fracas. The disputants, by their voices, were clearly a pair of blackbirds and a jay, or jays. I crept nearer, and watched events. Presently a jay came dashing from a bush, pursued by a blackbird. The jay dropped something that it was carrying in its mouth, but whether on account of the attack of the blackbird or because it suddenly caught sight of me I could not say. I went to see what it had dropped, and found it to be a fledgling blackbird, three-parts grown, just killed, and headless, the head having been severed from the neck at the base of the skull. The blood was still welling out from the neck. I went up to the bush whence the jay had come from, and found there a blackbird's nest with three young ones of the same size as the headless innocent. They did not seem impressed by the fate of their brother, or sister, but opened yellow mouths agape for food. I waited some twenty minutes, concealed close by, but nothing more happened.

An hour and a half later I returned. My expectation was to find the slaughtered fledgling still lying as I had left it on the ground, and the other three youngsters still in the nest. Instead, I found the nest empty, and no sign of these youngsters nor of the dead one anywhere visible. The clear presumption is that the jay returned, after watching me go away, carried off the fledgling it had killed previously, and also all the rest of the brood. That jays will take eggs is well known; that they will take the young of small birds has been stated; but I never heard of a case in which a jay had been found, *flagrante delicto*, taking the fledglings of so big a bird as a blackbird in defiance of the energetic harrying of the parent birds. At the present time there is a good deal of dispute about the predatory habits of the jay, and a decided tendency to whitewash its character with regard to the stealing of the eggs of the game birds at least; but with this evidence at first hand before me of the bird's determined and ruthless nature I shall not be inclined to give it much of the benefit of the doubt.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

CHURCH ALES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to correct a trivial error, at the commencement of my letter concerning "Church Ales, etc.," which appears in your sumptuous Summer Number? I meant to have written: "The grotesques reproduced are familiar to me, with others, 'like in difference'"; the words between inverted commas being a quotation from the concluding lines of Tennyson's "Princess." I do not remember any of these whimsical little figures "like 'Indifference,'" though the title is suggestive, and the subject such as might appeal to the invention of the mediæval wag, whether miniaturist, or handicraftsman.—EMILY HUGHES.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you or any of your correspondents kindly advise me as to the cleaning out of a lot of small fish from a pond. The pond is about 30yds. by 10yds., and about 6ft. or 8ft. deep, varying in different places. It is partly held up by a bank, and is very close to the house, the ground level of which is below the surface of the pond. There is no plug. The varying depths and the weeds make netting it very uncertain. The proximity to the house and the weakness of the bank would, I imagine, make the use of dynamite dangerous. The bank could not be cut without danger of flooding the house. The overflow runs through a pipe into a trout stream a few yards off. Is there any poison or stupefying agent which would kill or bring the fish to the surface, where they could easily be netted off without danger of polluting the stream? Would the effect of lime be carried into the stream? The fish are small roach and perch, and there are hundreds of them.—"CROWDED OUT."

CONCERNING LADIES RIDING ASTRIDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In one of the last numbers of COUNTRY LIFE an article appeared about ladies riding astride. I rejoiced, indeed, to hear at last from the motherland of sport a voice favouring this style of riding. But I wished this article had dealt with the subject more fully. Therefore, in giving my experiences in riding astride, I venture to stir up sporting members of my sex to think of this question. I mean those ladies who do not consider riding as a matter of secondary interest, only to spend the time, and who do not ride only in order to promenade in Rotten Row. I concede that it is a pleasant sight to see a pretty smart woman riding a nice horse, on the lady's saddle. But that is absolutely no reason for not progressing, and not improving ladies' riding. Whyte Melville says, in his "Riding Recollections": "The absence of leg-power is an incalculable disadvantage of ladies, and affords the strongest reason, among many, why they should be mounted only on temperate and perfectly broken horses." And every lady knows how helpless we are on a wicked horse. I do not believe that one of us ladies is able to ride a race-horse in its exercising gallops. This is, indeed, not necessary, and does not belong to our calling; and I give this example only for showing how imperfect the control on the lady's saddle is. Everyone who observes a good rider's influence on horses, either in races, in the hunting-field, or in the riding-school, knows perfectly well that the weight of the rider on the lady's saddle is lying much too far behind on the horse's back. The part of the horse's spine which can bear the heaviest load is immediately behind the withers, under which his fore feet are placed. Take the following simile: Plant two posts firmly in the ground and nail a lath across them. The carrying power will be the greatest immediately above one of the supporting posts. Some riders, perhaps, would answer me, "But we are sitting on the much-arched back part, near the hind legs, the burdening of which is a good means for raising horses' fore legs." In spite of that I choose the supporting point near the fore legs because the movement is going forward and because the carrying power is the greatest near the shoulder, where the ribs are the strongest, and because every horse's loins are sensitive to shaking. Other disadvantages of the side saddle are that it is necessary to tighten the girths to such an extent that there is no possibility of keeping the horse straight if it tries to go crooked, and that the propelling influence on the lady's saddle is not nearly so effective as on the gentleman's saddle. Further, everyone knows that a fall with the side saddle is much more dangerous, that the position of the body is very unnatural, and very tiring in riding long distances. I never found the least disadvantage to my health, although I have very often been the whole day long riding on a gentleman's saddle. Do not forget, also, that it is nearly impossible to get a lady's saddle to fit every horse, so that there is trouble about sore backs if you ride strange horses. I do not imagine that all imperfection of a lady's riding is removed by her riding astride. But it is a forward step. The greatest obstacle in changing the lady's saddle for riding astride is naturally the prejudice of all relatives and friends, and the suppression of the feeling, "What will the public say?" For it is not yet the fashion, and they say it is unwomanlike. Concerning the latter point the costume naturally plays a great rôle. But those who saw the illustrations supplementing COUNTRY LIFE's article will absolutely set their minds at rest about that question. Be a lady, and all you do will look womanlike. Many people assert that a lady will never be able to learn riding so as

to bring it to the high standard of a thoroughly efficient man, on account of less suitable form of her body and because her powers are not sufficient. Alas! I cannot contest this. But it is not necessary to be so helpless on horseback as we are on the side saddle, and we must conquer the majority's prejudice for the sake of our horses. We do not want to be taken for people who only ride for show, to the detriment of our horses; therefore we must either undertake much greater danger than the gentlemen do, or we must renounce all that a really sport-loving heart desires only because we are afraid to face the majority's prejudices.—BRAUNSBURG.

A GRAND HEAD OF THE IRISH ELK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photographs will give some faint idea of what the Irish elk used to grow to in days of yore. The dimensions of this enormous head are as follows: From tip to tip of antlers, 8ft. 6in.; round curve of antlers, 11ft. 9in.; round "burr" (root of antler), 15½in. The frontal tines are abnormal, there being three instead of two. This head was found in a bog, in the County Limerick, 9ft. deep in the peat. It is mere speculation trying to come at what might have been the age of the animal which bore



PREHISTORIC ANTLERS.

the protection of dumb animals is recalled to me by reading a letter in your correspondence columns on the law as it touches badger-baiting and badger-digging. This instance came up under the Wild Birds' Protection Act. The facts were these. In course of draining off a large piece of ornamental water the workmen came upon a large pollarded stump of a tree in which was a blackbird's nest with, singularly, only one young one. The foreman, being a kindly man, took the bird out of its nest, put it in a cage where the old ones could come and feed it, and had the intention of lifting it out when full-fledged; but before that time came the local policeman took cognisance of what was happening, and got a summons against the foreman for an offence under the Wild Birds' Protection Act. The case made quite a little stir in the neighbourhood. Here was a man who had saved the life of the young bird, at considerable trouble to himself—had acted, in fact, in the fullest accordance with the spirit of the Act, yet had been guilty of a punishable offence according to its letter. Had he allowed the stump to be thrown over into the water, and the young bird to be drowned, there is no reasonable doubt that not a word would have been said. As it was, when the case came on, the magistrates, acting under what discretionary powers I hardly know, dismissed it, but the foreman was mulcted to the extent of losing a whole day's work and wages, by having to attend the court at some seven miles distance from his home—and all for having done his best for the protection of a wild bird. The case



AN IRISH ELK'S HEAD.

this magnificent head, but it must certainly have been hundreds of years old. It is equally a matter of speculation to try to form any idea of how long ago this elk lived, but no mistake can be made in saying thousands of years ago. This head is on view at the establishment of Messrs. Williams, Dane Street, Dublin. The head of a moose, exhibited in the St. Louis Exhibition, and said to be the record for North America, only measures 5ft. 6in. across; it shows what a truly noble animal the Irish elk must have been.—T. S. B.

KINDNESS AND KINDNESS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Another curious instance of the operation of the law intended for

is curious enough to be perhaps worth the brief space necessary for this record of it.—S. L.

THE CUCKOO'S CHANGE OF NOTE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Might I be permitted to make a remark with reference to your correspondent's statement which appeared in your issue of June 4th concerning the cuckoo. I, personally, heard it this year change its tune to four notes about the middle of last month, in Guernsey. Other years I have never heard it change at all before the end of May at the earliest. Formerly I have not taken much notice of it, thinking the change of tune the usual habit of the bird, without regard

to the old saying: "In June it changes its tune." Since your correspondent has brought the matter up in your paper, my thoughts have been recalled to the fact of my having heard it. But perhaps in Guernsey the climate, being somewhat different to that of England, might have some effect on the nature of the bird. At the same time, I have not heard it in previous years so unusually early, even in Guernsey, as this year.—HUGH P. TILLARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest one of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to know that I heard a cuckoo on Wimbledon Common on May 29th calling "cuck-cuckoo." Nightingales have also been singing all through the colder weather on Wimbledon Common, Banstead, and other parts of north Surrey. I saw it stated in an article in your paper a few weeks ago that hedgehogs ate eggs. I have tried wild hedgehogs in the New Forest with new-laid eggs (without touching them with my fingers), and they would not touch them. I have also tried hedgehogs with eggs in my garden, which is a small one, when they have had nothing to eat except what they could find, and even then they would not touch them.—L. EVERARD TAYLOR.

A HEN SITTING ON A CAT AND LITTER OF KITTENS.

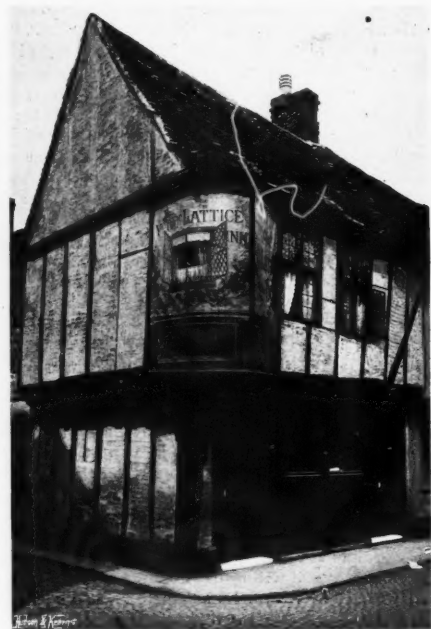
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At 8 a.m. to-day (June 7th) a hen that had wanted to sit was found in her nest on top of a cat and four newly-born kittens. She showed fight, and was with difficulty removed from the nest; but some time after was found again on top of the strange family, and during the interval had deposited amongst them a full-sized egg with a soft shell, which, strange to say, was intact, and is now before me. The shell resembles a thin piece of parchment, and the wonder is that it was not broken either by the weight of the hen or the struggling mother and family beneath her. After the second removal, the cat was found in a very panting condition, evidently having had "a warm time of it."—J. WHITTING.

"YE OLDE LATTICE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the somewhat gaudy appearance of the average public-house sign of the present day, it is refreshing to come across one bearing a truly artistic embellishment, and which, moreover, brings, as it were, a breath of the country amidst its surroundings of bricks and mortar. An exemplar of the latter kind may be found in the subject of our present illustration, which depicts an old timbered structure at King's Lynn, rejoicing in the name of "Ye Olde Lattice" Inn, the insignia of which is represented by an open casement being painted on the exterior of the gable end. So faithfully has the artist executed his work that any stranger approaching this old-world hostelry might easily imagine that an open window of the diamond-paned order confronted him, and, looking at the excellent photograph here given, I think your readers might be excused if they arrived at the same conclusion.—E. B.



A CURIOUS SIGN.